Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Henschkel*

A Charming Portrait of Princess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin

A photograph of the town and Castle of Schwerin, where the Crown Prince's *fiancée* was born will be found on page ix

No. 42.—Vol. IV.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

London: Wednesday, September 21, 1904

The Topictator

In spite of the fearful tales of disaster which a section of the Press confidently prophesied, our expedition to Tibet seems to have settled up the business in quite a satisfactory manner. A very imposing and voluminous document, drawn up in three languages, has been formally signed, although the Dalai Lama was conspicuous by his absence. Whether any advantage will result from the march to Lhasa remains to be seen. Once the expedition has returned safely to India it is quite possible that the Tibetans will laugh at the Treaty, and the Dalai Lama declare it to be unconstitutional and out of order.

* * *

Colonel Younghusband, however, may be depended on to know his business, and it is very likely that he does not depend on the fulfilment of the Treaty merely because the Regent, the Amban, and other great officials of the Tibet Government have signed their names to the document. Orientals do not always recognise that their word is their bond, but there is always one pretty certain method of being able to rely on their word. *Backsheesh* is an open sesame the world over, but nowhere more so than in the East. Nobble your man, name a generous price, and he is yours for ever.

* * *

As a bystander interested in the accounts of the picturesqueness of the scenes our expedition has taken part in, it is somewhat disappointing to find that, in return, the inhabitants of Lhasa took as little notice of our troops as we should ourselves do in London. We all remember the stimulating story of our youth, where the hero, in the hands of a savage tribe in Central Africa, succeeded in aweing the murderous instincts of his captors by foretelling

John Bull (to Tibet): "Now, Mademoiselle, that little matter settled, what can I have the pleasure of serving you with?"

Manœuvres in Makebelievia

"Hi! you can't come through there; that flag's a barricade"
"Alright, old chap, I'm a charge of dynamite"

"You are my prisoner!"
"Nonsense! How did you get here?"
"Over that bridge"
"Then, my dear fellow, you are drowned: we blew up that bridge yesterday"

an eclipse of the sun, an event which miraculously happened to take place at a crucial moment. Colonel Younghusband might have taken a leaf out of this traveller's book—the incident has been utilised more than once by sensational writers—adapting it to modern notions. For instance, had the gallant Colonel included a few motor-cars in his expedition, and supplied the drivers with the latest thing in face masks, he would assuredly have created an impression. One or two balloons would have clinched matters effectually, for the Tibetans, convinced they were dealing with beings of another globe, would probably not only have signed whatever was needed, but have paid up their fine in hard cash.

The failure of Kuroki to surround Kuropatkin is the gravest news we have heard from the seat of war for a long time. After the terrible scenes of carnage that took place at Liao-yang matters are no "forrarder." Unless diplomacy can devise some method by which Russia and Japan can adjust their differences, this war threatens to continue indefinitely. Russia has plenty of men, but a scarcity of money; while, on the other hand, Japan, thanks to the lucky discovery of gold mines, is likely to have a great deal of money, but no men. Rumours are plentiful that overtures are being attempted by certain influential persons, and we trust something definite may result.

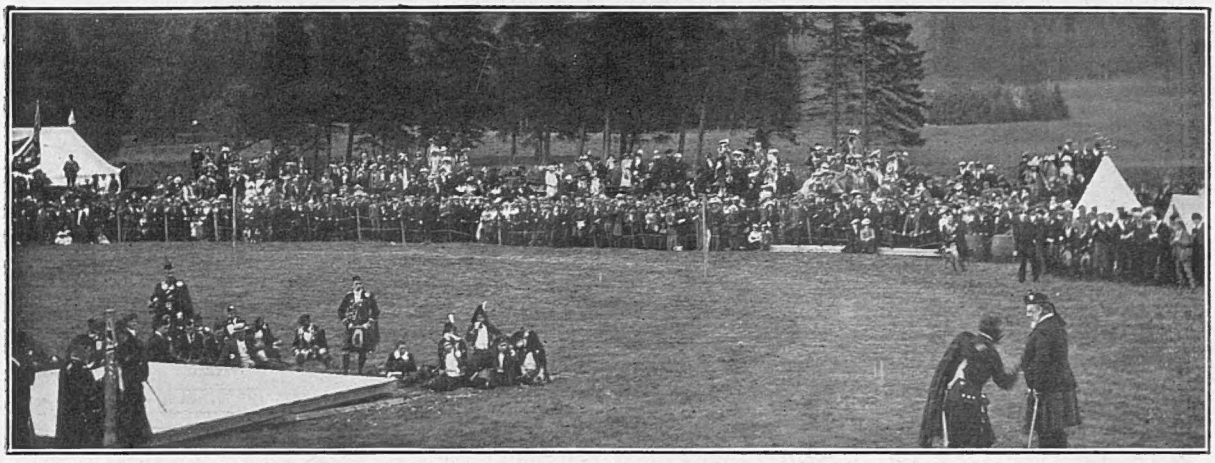
Sufferer: "Imaginary!"

(A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the horrible roughness of the Bay of Biscay is largely imaginary)

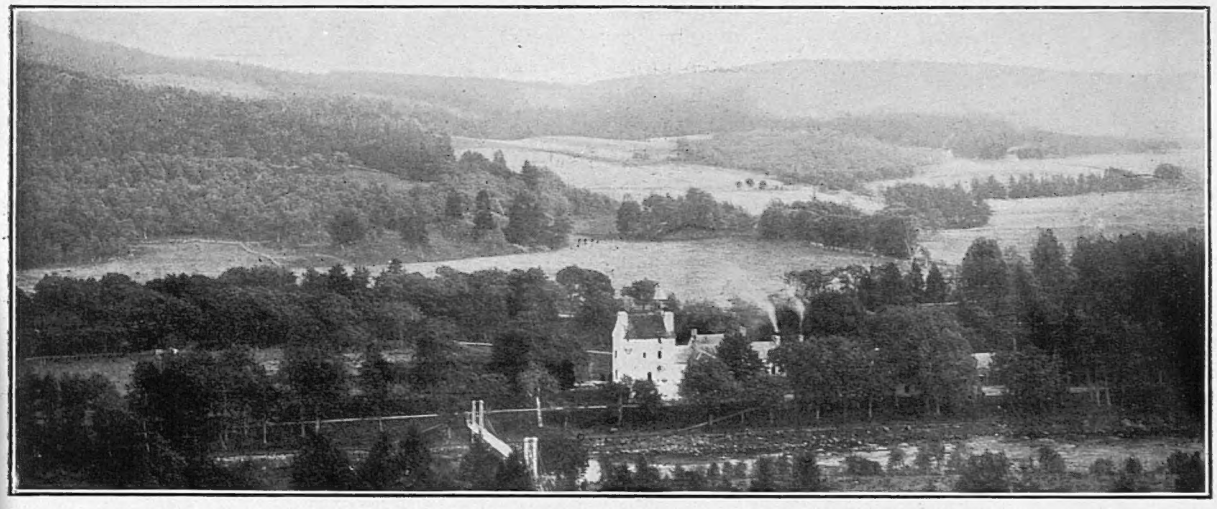
A great Russian Victory

(The *Novy Krai* devotes considerable space to the report that a reconnoitring party came upon a trench occupied by a solitary Japanese, who abandoned his rifle and fled)

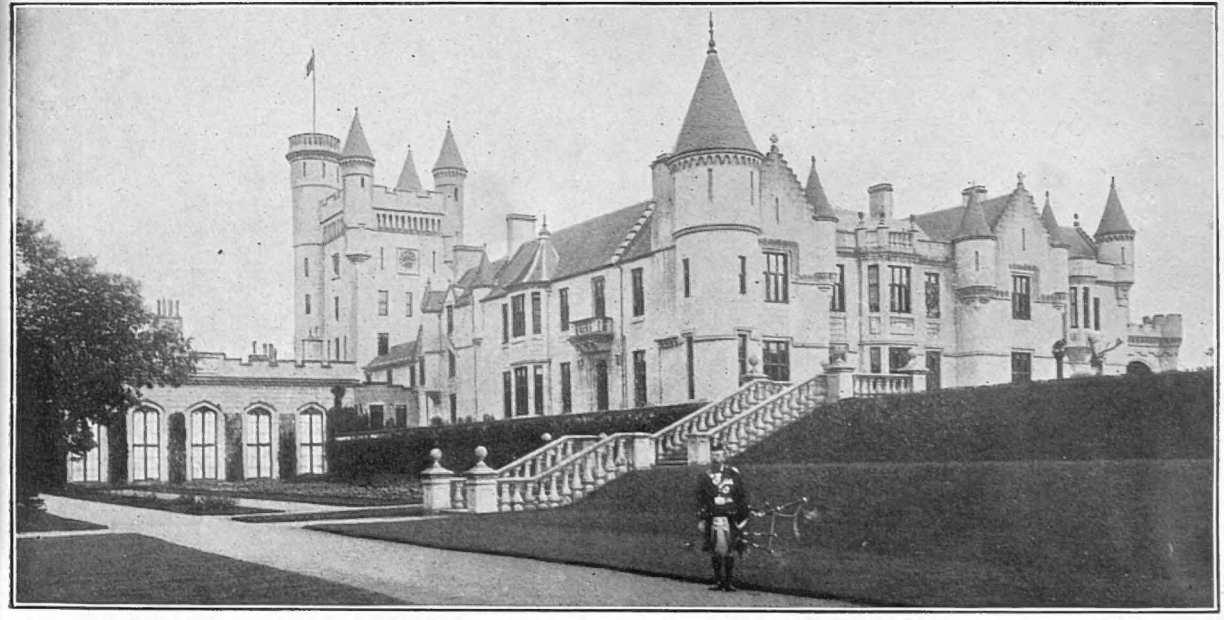
Royalty at the Gathering of the Clans at Braemar



His Majesty, in Highland costume, enters the ring to view the Sports
His Majesty is seen on the right of the illustration in conversation with Mr. Charles McHardy, Chief Constable of Dumbartonshire, whose father was keeper at Mar Lodge to the Duke of Fife's ancestors



Abergeldie Castle, the Prince of Wales's Scottish Seat
The Prince and Princess of Wales and children were all present at the Braemar gathering



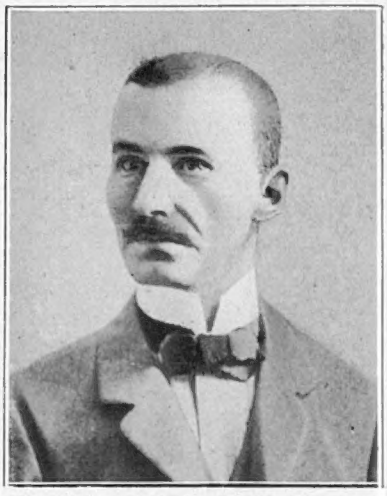
Photos by] **The King's Piper on the Terrace at Balmoral Castle** [*Russell*
When staying at Balmoral the King is awakened every morning by the tuneful lay of the bagpipes, the piper seen in our illustration being specially paid off for this purpose. At the sports, last week, the King was welcomed by a parade of the clansmen in kilts and plaids, many hundreds taking part in the march past

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Lieut. Mattachich before his four years imprisonment for forgery

Lieutenant Mattachich

These two portraits of Lieutenant Mattachich, whose connection with the affairs of the House of Coburg has been for so long a matter of comment, were taken, the one before, the other after, his imprisonment, in 1898, for forgery. Tried by court-martial, the Lieutenant refused to defend himself. Shortly after his arrest, the Princess was put away in the private asylum from which she recently made such a dramatic escape with the assistance of Lieut. Mattachich. Prince Philip of Coburg appears



Lieut. Mattachich after his imprisonment, and as he appears at the present time

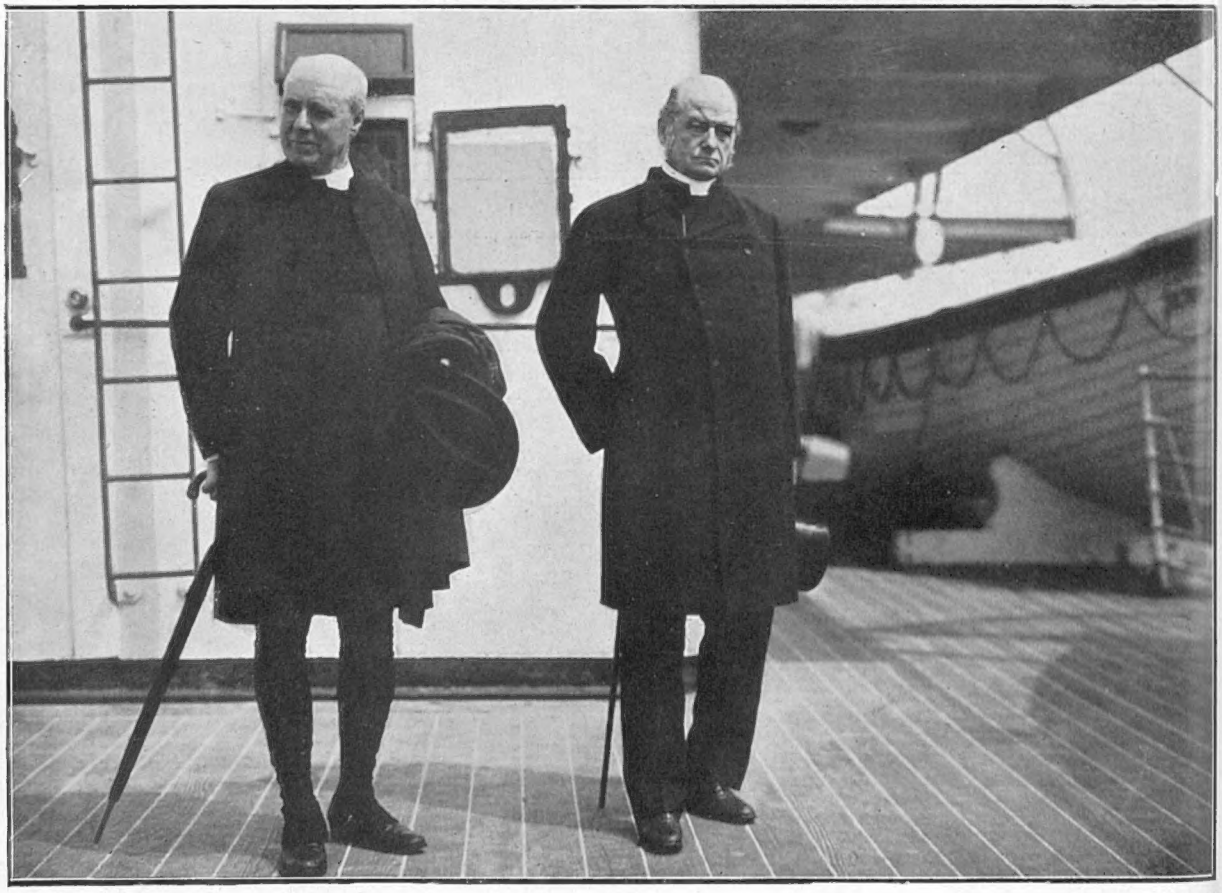


Photo by *Levick*

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop Potter of New York

Dr. Randall Davidson, like every other celebrity who attempts to land at New York, has had to face the American reporter and his camera. Happily, Bishop Potter, of New York, came to his assistance and helped him through the ordeal

Photo by Hon. Maude O'Brien — Hon. Eileen O'Brien — Mrs. Lowry-Corry *Langfier*

THREE BEAUTIFUL DESCENDANTS OF BRIAN BORU

in this number as the personality of the week. An article on his career and a caricature appear on pages 18 and 19.

Two Famous Ecclesiastics

The Archbishop of Canterbury has had to face the ordeal which awaits every celebrity who lands in the United States. The liner on which he crossed was boarded immediately on arrival by the ubiquitous snap-shotter, and the Archbishop was held up. In this ordeal he was helped out by his *confrère*, the celebrated Bishop Potter, of New York. The Bishop has been a notable figure in the city life of New York for many years. A member of most of the clubs, he is welcomed wherever he goes for his *bonhomie* and social gifts.

Daughters of Ireland

English history, as taught in the schools, commences with the year 1066, so the average person may be excused ignorance of the Battle of Clontarf fought fifty years previously. In this great struggle fell the great Brian Boru, whom many Irish families claim as their ancestor. Few, however, can make so good a claim as the three beautiful daughters of Ireland whose portraits appear above. Their father, the late Lord Inchiquin, was a lineal descendant of the O'Brien who was King of Thomond in the time of Henry VIII. O'Brien renounced his kingship, and received in exchange the privilege of using the royal livery of England, a privilege which the family still retains

Photo by *Langfier*

H.H. the Gaekwar of Baroda

A most enthusiastic motorist, who, with the Maharajah of Kapurthala, has done much to popularise the sport in India

An Indian Motor Enthusiast

The modern motor-car having climbed mountains, swept along the seashore with the speed of the wind, and in general having revolutionised everything and everybody in Europe and America, is now about to conquer the East. Soon there will be no elephants with jewelled trappings to take part in future Durbars, and the patient camels will no longer kneel down to receive their burdens for transportation over the deserts. The motor-car will supersede them. Already, in India, many well-known and powerful potentates have become enthusiastic motorists, among the best-known, perhaps, being the Gaekwar of Baroda, whose portrait we reproduce. The Gaekwar, who is still a young man, having been born in 1863, is well known in England, having paid many lengthy visits to this country. Shortly there will be held some reliability trials over the magnificent highway which runs between Delhi and Bombay, and the Gaekwar has offered a splendid trophy in order to stimulate entrants. Another royal enthusiast is the Maharajah of Kapurthala, whose interest in the coming trials has materialised in the form of a cup. These trials are open only to amateur owners, and it is expected that there will be a large number of entries for the event, which is the most important of its kind ever held in India.

Madame Le Mar

Madame Le Mar is the name under which pretty Mrs. Percy Somers-Cocks is announced in the October programmes for the Queen's Hall Concerts arranged by Mr. Henry Wood. Madame Le Mar

is yet another of the fair young Americans so popular in London, and has a very charming personality, combined with delightfully simple direct manners, and an enthusiasm for her art. Her mother, who was a professional singer, trained her voice very early, and it is on record that she sang at a concert in the States at the age of seven. Madame Le Mar has studied in England under Sir George Power, Mr. Edwin Wareham, Mr. Santley, and in Paris under M. Bouch, and all her masters think highly of her voice and method. In early girlhood she married Mr. Percy Somers-Cocks, who acts as agent to his cousin, Lady Henry Somerset. It will be remembered that Madame Le Mar sang at several charity concerts last season, notably on one occasion at Stafford House, when the Queen was present.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria

Instances might be numbered of King Edward's tact and the wonderful influence which he exerts among the Royalties of Europe. His intercession on behalf of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is a striking case in point. The Prince, estranged for three years and a half from the Austrian Court, has just been received in special audience by the Emperor. This happy reconciliation is entirely due to King Edward, who, on the occasion of his visit to Marienbad, responded to Prince Ferdinand's request that he should intercede on his behalf, on the grounds that the Bulgarian Government had done everything in its power to keep peace in Southern Europe. A good story is told of the manner in which Prince Ferdinand was called to the position he now occupies.

Prince Alexander had been kidnapped, and the Regency had despatched delegates to look for a new Prince to succeed him. Competition for the honour was not keen; and it happened one day, at Vienna, that one of the delegates sat late in a *café* drinking more beer than was necessary for the preservation of his health. Becoming talkative as the hour drew late, he fell into conversation with a stranger and confided to him the nature of his errand. The stranger became interested and offered a suggestion. "Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg," he said, "is the very man for you." The delegate went home and told his colleagues what had happened. They laughed at him; but he persisted in following up the stranger's hint. He called at the Coburg Palace, and made his proposals, which, after prolonged negotiations, were accepted. The grandson of Louis Philippe came to reign, subject to the suzerainty of the Sultan, at Sofia.

Prince Ferdinand's position, as may be imagined, was not a bed of roses. Russians intrigued against him, and his subjects plotted against him. The Exarch at Constantinople was petitioned to use his influence against him, and the Prince was described in the petition as "this impure spring which threatens utterly to corrupt all that is holy, pure,

Photo by *Thomson*

Miss Hermione Cooper

Daughter of Lady Agnes Cooper, and engaged to be married to Mr. Arnott. Miss Cooper is a niece of the Duke of Fife

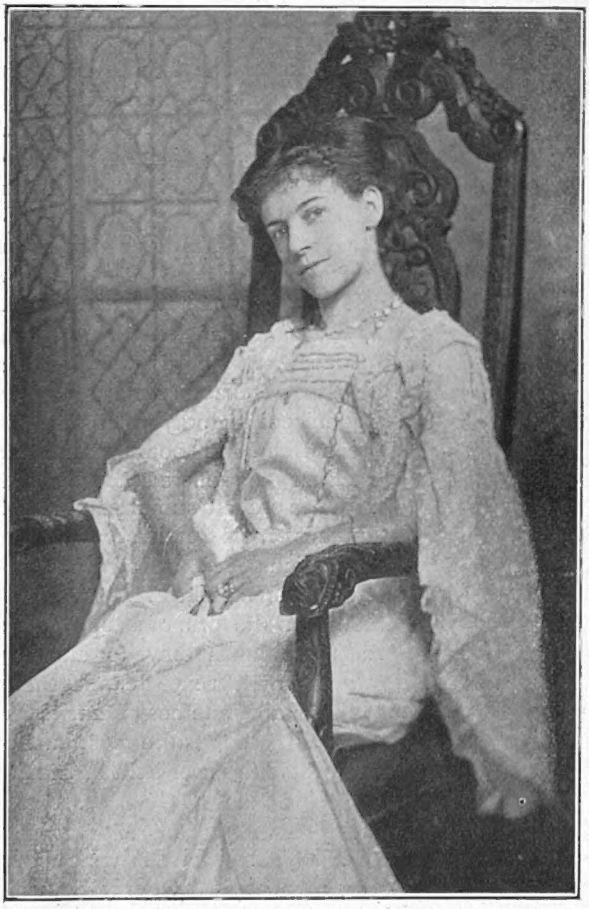


Photo by *Eva Le Mesurier and Winifred Marshall*

Mrs. Percy Somers-Cocks

An American singer, who is related by marriage to Lady Henry Somerset. Mrs. Somers-Cocks is to sing at the Queen's Hall Concerts this season under the name of Madame Le Mar

and elevated in Bulgaria." Intrigues, plots, and petitions, however, all failed. Stambuloff, the strongest man in the Balkans, supported the Prince through the critical times; and, in the end, he felt strong enough to do without Stambuloff. Lately he has made friends with Russia—a Power which had for many years declined to recognise him. Now it is understood to be his ambition to throw off the suzerainty of the Sultan, and become a King—and for a curious reason. At present, when he goes to see his Suzerain, he has to wear a fez, and he feels that the obligation impairs his dignity.

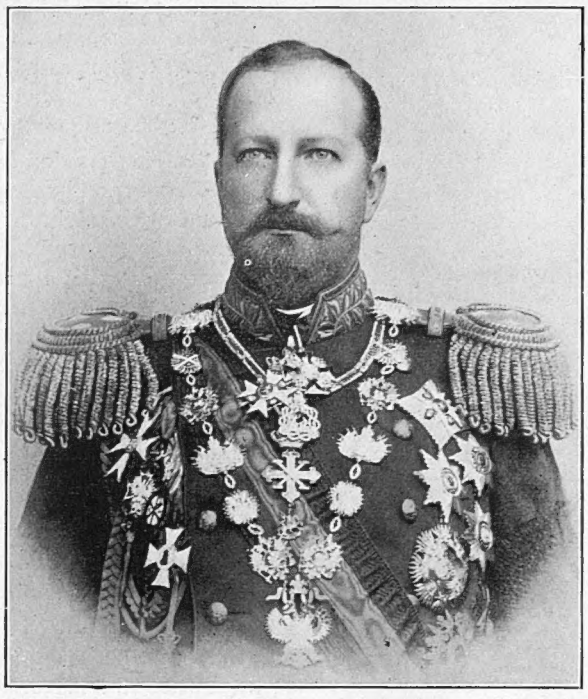


Photo by] **Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria** [*Uhlenhuth*

Who, after an estrangement of three years and a half, was received in special audience last week by the Emperor of Austria. The change in the attitude of the Austrian Court is directly attributed to the personal intervention of King Edward while at Marienbad

In appearance Prince Ferdinand is tall and commanding, inheriting the Bourbon type through his mother, the Princess Clementine. His favourite amusements are sport and ornithology, and he is particularly proud of some bob-tailed parrots bred in his own aviary at Coburg. He can speak Bulgarian, but he is not Bulgarian in his ways, and the difference between his Court and that of the King of Roumania has been remarked by many visitors. The Roumanian Palace is conducted in accordance with Roumanian ideas. but the Palace at Sofia has been described as "a species of hybrid Franco-German establishment—a minute reserved enclosure, from which all trespassers are rigorously excluded."

The Prince married Princess Marie-Louise of Parma, but has been a widower since 1899. His heir is Prinee Boris, and he has other ch'ldren.

English Actress at the Gymnase

The engagement of an English girl, and so young a girl as one of seventeen, to play leading parts at one of the foremost Paris theatres, is an unusual thing; for, as a rule, our neighbours have a horror of the least impurity of accent on their stage. Miss Dolores MacLean, however, who is the grand-daughter of the famous Scottish surgeon, has spoken French all her life, and has no foreign accent whatsoever. It came, therefore, less as a surprise to her and to her intimates than to the general public, when, after eighteen months' continuous success in Marseilles and other important provincial centres, in such parts as "La Dame aux Camélias" and "Frou-Frou," the management of the Gymnase signed an engagement for a year with Miss MacLean, and announced her appearance during the coming season. She is a

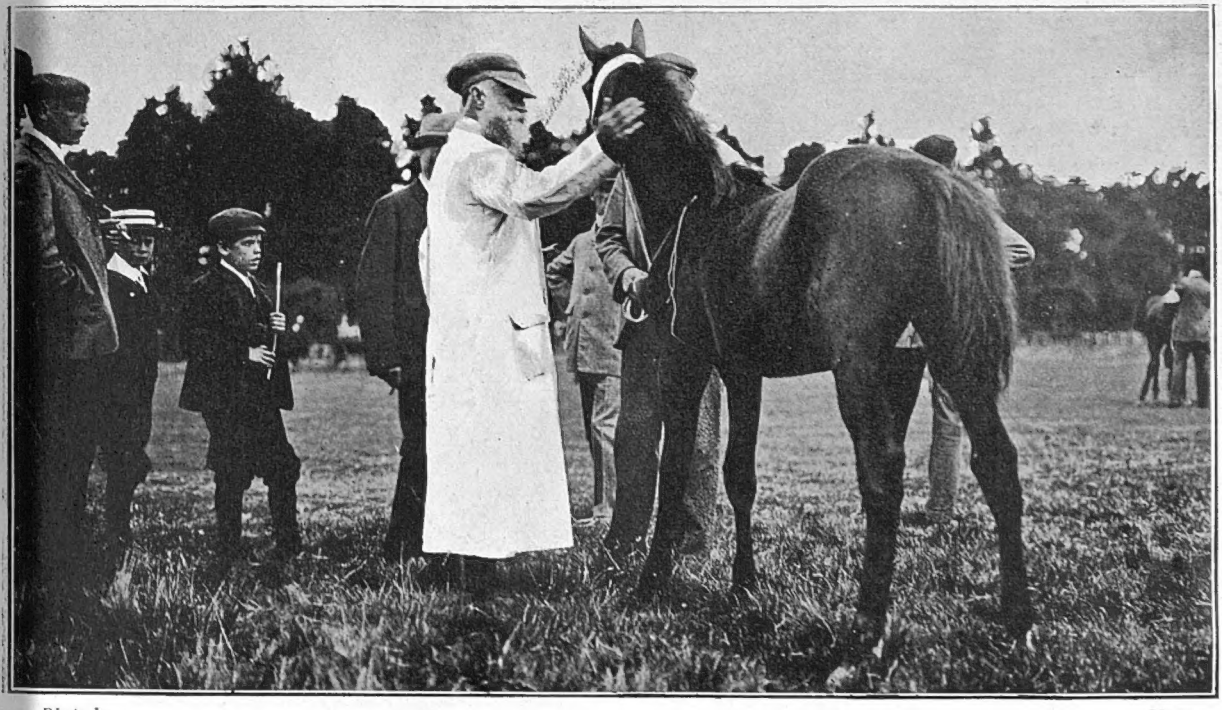


Photo by *Shaw*

The Foal Show at Elvaston Castle: The Earl of Harrington, the veteran polo player, admires one of the winning foals

Miss Dolores MacLean
A young English actress of seventeen who is playing a leading part at the Gymnase, Paris

born tragédienne, and here in Paris, where the name of Siddons is comparatively little known, people compare her to the great Rachel.

An Unexpected Anglophile

Considerable sensation has been aroused, writes our Paris correspondent, by the publication in the *Figaro* of an account by Colonel Marchand of the Fashoda incident, and we who know him are considerably amused at the surprise expressed by those who thought they knew him, at the fact that the gallant Colonel is undoubtedly an Anglophile. Although spoiled somewhat by a mistaken love of politics, which love has grown up in him since his trans-African exploit, and which has cost him his career, Colonel Marchand is first and foremost a soldier and an admirer of brave deeds. When, five years since, I had a chat with him at Toulon, a few moments after his arrival from Fashoda, the language which he used to me about Lord Kitchener and his comrades showed the man's character. "We all hope to meet in Paris soon," he said. "We met to carry out adverse programmes, and as political enemies, but as men we were friends, and as soldiers, comrades. We all felt that whether we were to fight or no, we were friends and brother soldiers until fighting started, and I take this opportunity, under perhaps unfavourable circumstances, of saying once again that I shall always be a great admirer and a true friend of the Sirdar and his officers." This was on June 1, 1899. Now Jean-Baptiste Marchand has left the Army, after five years of constant quarrel with his chiefs, but, though politically perhaps an Anglophobe, he is in sentiment as much an Anglophile as ever.

Photos by] **Colonel Marchand, of Fashoda fame, riding in the Bois, Paris** [*Raphael*

Colonel Marchand is the younger of the two horsemen—on the left of the illustration. Although in politics his voice is heard among those of the Anglophobes, at heart he is an admirer of things English. His experience in Egypt as one of the principals in the "Fashoda incident" has given him a great and enthusiastic opinion of Lord Kitchener, with whom he was on the most intimate terms of friendship

The Father: "I saw you kissing my daughter, Sir; and I don't like it"

The Youth: "Then you don't know what's good, Sir"

In Frivolous Mood

A man has been summoned for striking a match on the Town Hall at Halifax. The prosecution seems to us unjust. The man, no doubt, was merely desirous to prove that a town hall *has* a use.

A Baltimore man is boasting that he can talk 65,000 words an hour, and has thrown down a challenge to the world. He had better add a rider confining the contest to his own sex.

The *Liverpool Daily Post*, referring to a new oratorio produced at the Welsh National Eisteddfod, remarks:

In the orchestration, whilst every instrument has been adequately provided for, one gathered the impression from a first hearing that the brass has perhaps attracted the composer's keenest attention.

Our contemporary is unnecessarily rude in making such a pointed allusion to the composer's motive. After all, we all want brass.

They have in Russia a journal called the *Russky Invalid*. It is described as the chief military organ of the Empire. With the Russian Army in its present condition, the title of the paper is not a misnomer.

From the *Daily Mail*:

For twenty-five years an alderman of Dublin, Sir Henry Cochrane, Bart., died last evening at his residence at Bray, Co. Wicklow.

No prizes, however, are offered for the solution of the above puzzle.

A certain society lady and a party of friends were touring through Ireland recently, not a thousand miles from Lehinch, in the County of Clare. They had put up at a small hotel, the best to be had in that particular neighbourhood. All went well until the morning, for the place, though rough, was not without its rude comforts, and the hospitality of mine Irish host is a thing which often makes thirteen out of twelve. But in the morning the lady had a rude awakening, for bath there was none in the house. "But," said the chambermaid, proudly, "we have a bathroom, and there's a bath set in it, and the whole is built out convanient to the house."

Milady, accordingly, made a quick transit down the corridor, at the end of which she found herself in a rude sort of annexe to the house. She had taken her bath, and was pulling wildly at a pulley for the shower bath to act, when she heard a voice as from heaven saying: "Shure an faith, marm, ye'll be after pullin' the whole roof down. There's no whater cooms from that rhope. There's divil a bit o' shower in it. But if ye'll be after sthanding in the middle o' the room, o'il throw a bucket o' whater over your back."

M. A. T.

(MAINLY ABSOLUTE TWADDLE.)

(These pars may be lifted by our Society contemporaries without acknowledgment.)

Mr. Chamberlain's Politeness

A valued correspondent (who has exceptional opportunities of gaining the information) tells me that Mr. Chamberlain frequently makes use of the expression "Thank you" in return for a slight service rendered to him, sometimes using the variant "Many thanks." "At table," continues my correspondent, "I have often heard the Right Honourable gentleman say to his neighbour (instead of reaching over and helping himself), "May I trouble you to pass the salt?"

Holbein's Jeu d'Esprit

The following good story (which I do not think has yet appeared in print) reaches me from Dover. Holbein was swimming steadily, fully confident that at last he was going to win the Blue Riband of the Surf, when suddenly the clouds gathered and the rain came down in torrents. Nothing daunted, the plucky swimmer hailed the tug in stentorian tones, and without moving a muscle of his face called out, "I say! you chaps. Can any of you lend me an umbrella? *I'm getting wet!*" The roars of laughter which greeted this entirely impromptu *bon mot* are said to have cheered the swimmer on his way for many a mile.

Lord Rosebery's Repartee

It is not, I think, generally known that Lord Rosebery is a past master in the art of repartee. The other day, while strolling through the beautiful grounds of Dalmeny, he chanced to meet an old and valued retainer, and, with his usual courtesy and kindliest of heart, stopped to have a few words with the man. "Well, Sandy," said his lordship genially, "you're looking well for a man of your age." "Ou aye," said Sandy, "a'm a' richt, but your lordship, a'm thinkin', is na looking sae young as ye used." "No," came the answer, as quick as lightning, "No, Sandy, *I never did*!"

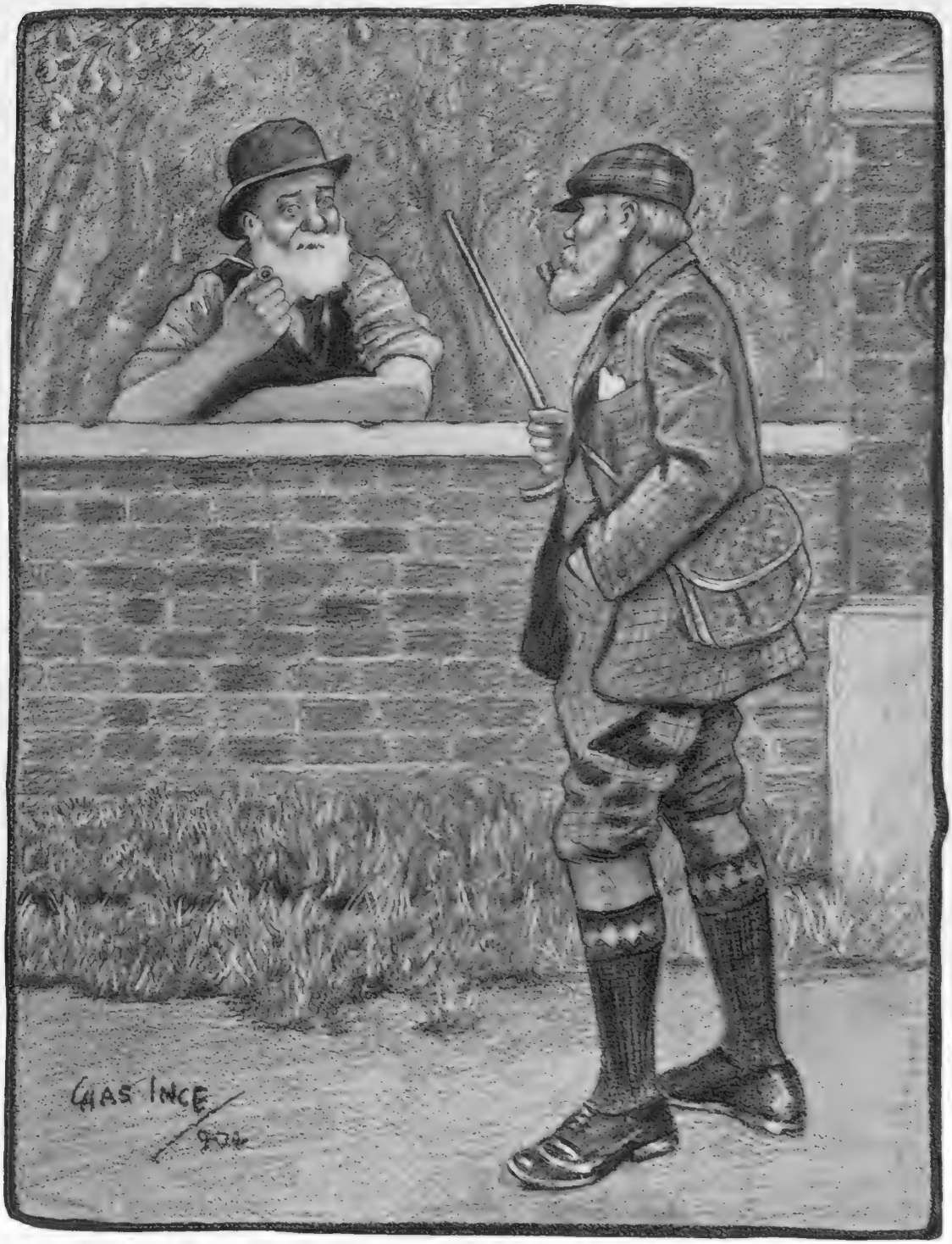
Pauper to Millionaire

Few people are, perhaps, aware that Mr. Andrew Carnegie—where the Free Libraries come from—was born without even the proverbial half-crown in his pocket. Illiterate, unable to walk, and speechless, he would have been a bold man who dared to prophesy that the puny babe would one day be a multi-millionaire! Simple in his tastes, Mr. Carnegie breakfasts in the morning and dines in the evening, like any ordinary man. He seldom handles a gun, unless he is going to shoot; and rarely takes out a rod except when bent on fishing. There are, it is safe to say, very few people in the immediate

neighbourhood who have not heard of the owner of Skibo Castle.

Sir Alfred and the Newsboy

Sir Alfred Harmsworth tells the following amusing story against himself: Starting on a long railway journey the other day, and wishing some light fiction to read, he asked for a copy of the *Daily Mail* at the bookstall. "'Aint got one left, sir," said the boy in charge; then, hailing the bookstall on the next platform, he shouted (the boy, not Sir Alfred), "Got a *Diley Mile*, Bill?" The answer was in the negative, and the genial baronet was forced to beguile the tedium of his journey with a rival halfpenny paper—which shall be nameless. "But," adds Sir Alfred, with a malicious twinkle, when telling the story himself, "I was glad to see there were still piles of *it* unsold!"



An Honest "Retainer"

SCOTCH TOURIST: "Would you sell me some of those fine pears you have there, my man"
GENTLEMAN'S GARDENER: "Well, Zur,—'ou mooch 'd yer give?"
S. T.: "A penny for three"
G. G.: "What!!! I'd sooner be lettin' maister 'ave 'em"

FROM ABROAD.

The new Hotel at Le Touquet

Le Touquet, the new watering place on the coast of Picardy, is an ideal resort, which owes its existence to the untiring energy of Mr. Whitley, the founder of the Earl's Court Exhibitions. It has a splendid sea beach, a background of pine trees, and a picturesque Hinterland, while its hotel accommodation is unsurpassed

At Le Touquet

A forest of pine trees, 2,700 acres in extent, bound on one side by a magnificent stretch of sands, and on the other by the Paris Boulogne Railway—four hours from London and three from Paris—with the express trains, by a special arrangement with the Chemin du Fer du Nord, stopping at the outskirts of the forest: such is, broadly speaking,

A Gamekeeper's Cottage in the Forest of Le Touquet

Situated only four hours from London and three from Paris it affords an ideal spot where *entente cordiale* week-ends may be spent by English and French business men. Sport is one of the most important social features of Le Touquet, golf, tennis, polo, shooting, and boating, being provided for

In the Forest of Le Touquet

The roads in the district are excellent for motoring and cycling, while places of historic interest abound in the neighbourhood, and include:—Crécy, Agincourt, Hardelot Castle (built by Charlemagne), where King Henry the Eighth resided, and where the preliminaries of peace were signed by his Ambassadors and those of King Francis the First; Montreuil-sur-Mer, St. Josse, Valloires, Frencq, Wierre-au-Bois, etc.

the position of the latest and youngest of the Anglo-French seaside resorts. In the centre of the forest an old-fashioned French *château* is now converted into an hotel, with wide verandah, where gaily-dressed visitors lunch and dine facing a lawn ornamented with brilliant flower-beds, while listening to a string band. On the left of the *château* is the latest addition to the comfort and convenience of the visitors in the form of a new hotel, built also like the *château*, with low-pitched roof, with wide verandah, and long cool corridors by which the bedrooms are reached; while close by is the small theatre

The Market Place, Etaples

Le Touquet is not isolated from all other places of its kind, being quite close to Etaples, Paris-Plage, and only a few miles from Boulogne. Our illustration shows the typically French market place at Etaples, with its conventional Hotel de Ville

Franz von Vecsey, the famous Boy Violinist goes for a dip at Ostend

converted from a picturesque old barn into a dapper little playhouse. Long, winding avenues reach in all directions to the golf course of eighteen holes, to the tennis lawns, to the Belvederes, where views over the tops of the trees can be obtained in all directions, while around on every side is the sweet smell of the pine trees. At the edge of the forest is Paris-Plage, a mushroom village or town, with its villas springing up by the dozen, with a large new cream-coloured hotel, from the front door of which one can step right on to the sands. Such is Le Touquet and Paris-Plage, a delightful spot now being developed with rapid strides by an Anglo-French syndicate, whose aim is to make it an international centre of attraction for all lovers of sport: be it golf, tennis, yachting, polo, or motoring, the enthusiast can find his smallest requirements fulfilled, while the neighbourhood cannot but delight the lover of forest scenery and pine woods. That the management of the attractions is in capable hands may be judged from the fact that the Duc Decazes is assisting with the yachting station, the Hon. John Scott-Montagu, M.P., with the automobile track, the Vicomte Leon de Janze with the sports, and other prominent sportsmen are ably supporting them. Le Touquet, being only twenty minutes by train from Boulogne, and all the through expresses to Paris stopping at Etaples, the station, it is an ideal spot for a holiday visit.

Franz von Vecsey at Ostend

The season at Ostend has been but little better than that of last year, and such improvement as there has been must be ascribed solely to the finer weather. Everybody is grumbling at the abolition of the gambling at the Casino, first and foremost the officials of the Casino themselves, for it seems now, that the bracing air and fine bathing to be enjoyed on the splendid stretch of sand are only secondary attractions to the majority of those who favour Ostend with their presence. The municipality have certainly tried their hardest, by organising splendid concerts and other social attractions at the Kursaal, to do without the gaming tables and their attendant evils. It is to be hoped that they will be rewarded for their persistent efforts by attracting a class of visitor who will appreciate the town as a bracing seaside resort rather than a second-rate and less expensive gaming centre than those of the Riviera. Nevertheless, the town filled for the two concerts given by Franz von Vecsey, hundreds of people flocking from Bruges, and even Ghent, to hear the wonderful prodigy, who caused quite a flutter of excitement as he emerged from his bathing machine each morning on the sands below the famous Digue.

Watching the bathing at Ostend, from the Digue just by the Kursaal

In the Realms of Fantasy

"THE HARVEST MOON"

DRAWN BY THOMAS MAYBANK

CONCERNING PRINCE PHILIP OF COBURG

(NO. 42 OF THE SERIES)

In any ordinary circumstances the British public, noted everywhere for the severity of its moral judgments, would be inclined to sympathise mildly with the distinguished Prince who is the subject of our observations this week. To begin with, he is entitled to any consideration which is accorded to age, for Ferdinand-Philip-Marie-Auguste-Raphael of Coburg is half-way through his sixty-first year. It is rather an advanced time of life for a man to set up in business as the villain of a romance of the affections; but it should be understood that, although Prince Philip is now attracting the general attention of the people of this country for the first time, he has been notorious at home for a good many years. If divorce courts were as popular with the higher ranks of society in Catholic lands as they are here, he would long ago have become a leading authority on their practice.

Again, Prince Philip might have been expected to enlist British sympathy in his quality of Distinguished Personage. As a nation we have such personages; and we rather like them to misbehave. Their improprieties add a colour and richness to the totality of modern life which the vast majority of English men and women feel it to be unlikely that they would ever contribute themselves. When one lives in one's millions in Bayswater, Peckham, Hornsey, and even less feverishly dissolute communities, one experiences a feeling almost of the nature of gratitude toward the brilliant few who remind one that there is such a thing in the world as riotous living. Prince Philip's worst enemy could say nothing in disparagement of his claim to have done his share of this work of relief and enlightenment among those who toil.

Then, again, he counts, although he was born in Paris, and has left most of his reputation scattered about Vienna, as a German Prince; and, unless the novelists of these days are wholly ignorant of their business, there is no such popular character in the world for a hero as your German Prince—unless it be your young American millionaire. Nothing English will go down at present with the great public that loves the story of love tempered with bloodshed. The popularity of the two characters just mentioned is readily explained. The ruling fashion in heroes is for either a royal person or a rich man; and the cheapest royalty is to be found among the small German States, just as the cheapest wealth comes from the United ones. A great artist, like Dumas, would not use material of this kind. Most of his stories were about real Kings, of whom everyone had heard. But that method is too risky for the story-tellers of to-day.

If Prince Philip of Coburg had been in a novel instead of in the *Almanach de Gotha*, he would have done splendidly. He would have been the best swordsman, the handsomest man, and the most chivalrous lover in Europe. That he is none of these things is the misfortune of birth, so to speak. He ought to have been purely fictitious, and most of us wish he was.

So we come back to the curious fact that, in spite of his being an injured husband, a princeling, and a member of one of those convenient little German Royal Houses, whose multiplicity and obscurity remind one not so much of houses as of a block of County Council dwellings—that, in spite of all this, Prince Philip is not very much sympathised with over here. That, at least, is the only interpretation one can put upon the following passage from a vivid article in a recent issue of the *Daily Mail*, dealing with the elopement of Prince Philip's wife with another man:

> He cut her out from under the guns of her turnkeys, fetched her down from her window, and carried her off like the cool-headed, fearless, gallant gentleman he is.
>
> Three cheers for Captain Geza von Mattachich-Keglewitch, and may some of those who are looking for him find him—just once!

When we read this thrilling passage, we followed the example of Captain von Mattachich-Keglewitch, and "cut it out"; and we venture here to interject the opinion that anyone who hopes to cut it out in our affections, as a sample of modern English journalism, has his work cut out for him. There are some things in it which do not sound convincing, such as the statement that Von Mattachich-Keglewitch is a gentleman, and some that seem lacking in knowledge of the world, such as the request that the person reading it—very likely in a full railway carriage, or over his bacon and eggs—will incontinently raise three cheers. And there is an evident determination, which is too painfully pathetic for words, to treat the escapade of this lady of forty-six, who has been married since she was seventeen, and has held a distinguished place in Austro-Hungarian society, as something attractive from the point of view of the *Mail's* most sentimental readers. But whatever fault we may find with this article, it is an accurate reflection of the bulk of English opinion on this unsavoury business.

Beyond his connection with this famous scandal, there is very little of Prince Philip's history that can be published. He is a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, and holds honorary rank in the first regiment of Bulgarian cavalry, being the brother of that honoured monarch, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. He has notoriously treated his unhappy wife, who might under other influence have recovered from the effects of being the daughter of the King of the Belgians, with the utmost brutality for many years, and the final dishonour that has been brought upon his ancient name is more his act than hers.

"The Coburger"

DRAWN BY THOMAS DOWNEY

At the Duke of York's Theatre

"MERELY MARY ANN"

Herr Brahmson (a musical publisher) *(Mr. Charles Cartwright)*

A British audience, like the late Dr. Temple, is a very "just beast." If you try to make it laugh and fail so to do, it will give you credit for an honest endeavour. But it is apt to turn nasty when you make a dismal failure of an attempt to make it weep.

Not that it dislikes to shed the ready tear; indeed, brave men sniff, and fair women sob, without compunction, the while the manager's face is wreathed in smiles.

Mr. Zangwill, unfortunately, has pulled out the sentimental stop only to produce a discordant note.

His "Mary Ann" is dragged from her household duties and put upon the stage, dirty face, torn print frock and all, in order that nice clean playgoers may have an opportunity of snivelling. As a matter of fact, they see through the manœuvre, and stolidly refuse to be moved.

Mrs. Leadbatter, a lodging-house keeper *(Miss Ada Dwyer)*, harangues O'Gorman *(Mr. Hubert Willis)*, a dissipated Sunday journalist

The very latest stage Mary Ann, armed with a property canary—a ventriloquial bird whose notes appeared to come from the cavernous recesses of the scene dock—and an apronful of muddy boots, sets to work in the most businesslike way on her harrowing task. Depositing the muddy boots in the hall, where they bear silent but eloquent testimony to the overtime which rounds off her daily routine, Mary Ann sits up for the late lodgers. As the lodgers were all provided with latchkeys, this little attention on Mary Ann's part might be classified under the heading of unnecessary toil.

Being a busy little person, however, she soon finds work to be done, and on the appearance of a drunken medical student she promptly pilots him up the staircase. Other lodgers enter, and then it dawns upon the audience that Mary Ann is on duty until the last lodger has come home in order that she may put out the lights.

The utility of this manœuvre is also not apparent, because there is the usual lodging-house sideboard well provided with candlesticks. She remains on guard until she is rewarded by the appearance of her very own musical composer. The audience withstood, in a highly creditable manner, the shock of discovering that he had never succeeded in

Lancelot (a composer)
(Mr. Henry Ainley)

though it would be unfair to make the dramatist responsible for an opinion which he puts in the mouth of one of his characters, yet we have a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Zangwill imagined his treacly play would just suit their palate. For treacle it is, of golden hue—big round fat tins of it—an inexhaustible supply. The play naturally divides itself into two parts—Mary Ann on a general's wages and Mary Ann as a millionairess. The second part was so unreal that it was impossible to take it seriously. When one of the characters burst upon the stage to announce Mary Ann's little windfall, one could hardly refrain from the muttered comment, "Ah! you're joking."

It is a relief to turn from the play to the individual performances of the players, and to pay humble tribute to one of the most temperamental actresses that have come to brighten the English stage in a long time. It is impossible to resist the compelling charm of Miss Eleanor Robson. It is the charm which a finished performance cannot but exert on the appreciative. There was no straining after effect—no hint of mawkishness. It was a miracle how she managed to avoid the pitfalls with which the play was strewn. Peter, who was like a ray of sunshine every time he appeared, was played by Mr. Gerald du Maurier in his most agreeable and debonair manner. Mr. Henry Ainley grappled nobly with the *rôle* of Lancelot. To succeed in alluring the part to our sympathies was beyond the power of mortal player.

Minor character sketches were admirably filled in, notably Mrs. Leadbatter, by Miss Ada Dwyer, and Herr Brahmson, by Mr. Charles Cartwright. Some mystery attached to the part of O'Gorman, described as a "Sunday journalist." It was not clear whether he worked or whether he merely got drunk on a Sunday. E. C. S.

getting a note of his music published. Perhaps they had met his type before on the stage. However that may be, Lancelot offered new and startling characteristics for their consideration. He is the most consistently unpleasant person who has appeared upon the boards these many moons.

He had hardly a redeeming feature. One had pity for his loneliness until the arrival of Peter, as cheery a friend as man was ever blessed with. When it is added that Peter's pockets were lined with money with which he had come to pay off a loan to Lancelot, one might have supposed that Peter would be assured of the welcome which our American friends epitomise as "the glad hand."

Not so, however. Lancelot shrank in disgust at the offer, then vented his displeasure on his friend in semi-jovial fashion by hurling him hence.

Mary Ann *(Miss Eleanor Robson)* turns out the gas

These pleasantries ended, Mary Ann, still on duty, circled round her adored composer until their orbits crossed.

"Why, you poor little thing," quoth he, "you're quite pretty," and promptly kissed her on the lips.

This is a fair specimen of his manner of courtship which made one long wistfully for his blood. The full tide of his romantic ardour brought him no farther than a perfunctory kiss and a present of a pair of gloves to Mary Ann "to hide her red, chapped hands." And this beautifully bevelled and complete specimen of bounder is set up to play upon the susceptible tenderness of the British theatre-going public. Instead he inspired a dull glower of wrath.

One nurtured the vain hope that before the play was ended Mary Ann would have the self-respect to turn upon him and rend him. Alas! it was not to be. Mr. Zangwill had prepared a nice treacly ending. "The British public likes treacle," says Peter, and

Peter *(Mr. Gerald du Maurier)* indulges in a little light comedy business with a teapot

English Musical Comedy and the Paris Stage:

"THE COUNTRY GIRL" AT THE FOLIES BERGÈRES

The subject of our photographic chat is Monsieur Max Dearly, whom Parisians call the *entente cordiale* actor, owing to the fact that he has introduced the real Englishman and English musical comedy on to the Paris stage. He is the Huntley Wright of Paris, and in a few weeks' time will be responsible for the production there of *The Country Girl*, a translation of which, by Messrs. De Cottens, Fordyce, and himself, will be produced next month at the Folies Bergères. The present vogue of English plays in Paris is almost entirely due to Monsieur Dearly, but we will let the photographs speak for themselves."

"From 'The Bystander'? Pleased to see you. Tell you about myself? Stand by, then. 'Bystander.'——

"I eat a boiled egg every morning"

"Sometimes I box a bit for practice"

"Come and see the stables"

An "Entente Cordiale" Interview with M Max Dearly

"By the way, let me introduce my gallant steed, Bucephalus"

"Part study next—Napoleon"

"Name of a little good man grey! But these newspaper people work one hard"

"Or Betsy Prig, 'I knowed she hadn't brought a cowcumber'"

The Wagers of Williamson

No. III.

By BARRY PAIN

"Been winning any more money lately?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "I did have a little bet with Brown the other day, but it was drawn. I as nearly as possible lost it, and I ought to have lost it."

"And what sort of fool thing was it this time?"

He replied to my question with another. "I say," he said, "how would you define an orange pip?"

"I should define it," I replied, "as one of those pips that are found in oranges."

"That's what Brown said. I let him have his own way, but I don't consider the definition close enough myself. I should say that a pip, if it is to rank as a pip for any legal purpose such as a bet, must have both its sides convex. You should have seen some of the pips that Brown produced, withered up, shrunken little things, that could never have grown, and had no right to rank as pips at all."

"And now would you mind telling me what on earth you're talking about?"

"About orange pips, of course. That's what the bet was about. You asked me to tell you, didn't you? Brown had been dining with us, and, just as we were going to begin our cigarettes, he looked pensively at some oranges on the table, and said he wondered if it would be possible to guess how many pips there were in each of them. I told him I didn't know anything about that, but I was quite prepared to lay him an even hundred that the orange which I chose would have more pips in it than the orange which he chose. See?"

"Yes. It seems fairly simple. Simple even to the point of childishness."

"Well, one must do something to amuse oneself. Brown said he wasn't afraid of the bet, but he wouldn't care to trust to my counting. As it happened, that was where he did for himself. These distrustful natures often do themselves more harm than good. Anyhow, it was agreed between us that I was to have the privilege of counting the pips on Brown's plate, and he could count the pips on mine, and the bet was to be decided on that. We tossed as to who should have first pick of the oranges, and Brown won. The pig chose the very biggest in the dish—a thing like a football."

"Well, you'd have chosen the same one yourself if you'd had the chance."

"Of course I should. That's why I didn't like Brown doing it. However, I picked a thin-skinned one, which looked as if it had a good deal of work in it, and we began the competition. I dissected my orange with a knife and fork. Brown ate his orange, not because he wanted it, but because he couldn't bear to waste it, though, as I mentioned to him at the time, it wasn't his own orange, and he needn't have bothered about it. Well, as I have already told you, the pips that Brown put down were simply a disgrace. They ought to have been disqualified, and Brown ought to have been warned off for calling them pips at all. But, for want of proper regulations, I had to accept them. He jumped off at a great lead. He stood at seventeen when I was at five, but my five were all fat, robust pips that no orange need have been ashamed to own. Then I got a streak of luck. I struck a whole pocket of them, caught up Brown, and passed him. The score now stood at nineteen to seventeen. I had finished with my orange, and Brown had only got one more quarter (I wonder, by the way, whether there is anything in the world beside an orange that has got more than four quarters; I must have a bet with Brown about that). Brown produced his eighteenth pip, and then his nineteenth. Then he gave a shout of joy, followed by an expression of deep and sincere sorrow. I asked him what was the matter, and he said it was the most infernal luck he had ever had in his life. His orange really had a twentieth pip, but, in the joy and excitement of finding it, he had swallowed it. I said that, according to the regulations, I was to count the pips on his plate. He might have a bushel of them in his interior, but that would not affect the bet. Yes, I enjoyed that very much. What makes it still better is, that Brown is in mortal dread of appendicitis, and hasn't had a happy moment since. Serves him right for trying to count pips of the class he did."

"You'll never get Brown to make a bet with you again."

"But he must," said Williamson. "I saw he was getting annoyed, so I immediately offered to bet him an even sovereign that he would never venture to bet with me again. He took me, and I consider it a sovereign well spent. In fact, I'm just getting up something else for him. I'll tell you about it if it comes off."

MY HAT!

An Autumn Roundel.

Softly I swore, as, gazing at the sky,
With no umbrella (and no coat, what's more),
I thought of my poor "topper," and that's why
Softly I swore.

I had but bought the hat two days before.
Its glossy sheen was dazzling to the eye.
'Twas just my luck that it should chance to pour!

The forecast in the morning had said "Dry."
I vowed that forecasts I would trust no more.
And, lest I should be heard by passers-by,
Softly I swore!

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SPECIAL THEATRE SUPPLEMENT

"The Catch of the Season"

AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Bucket (a Page)
(Master A. Valchera)

The Duke of St. Jermyns
(Mr. Seymour Hicks)

"I ain't to be bought"

This most entertaining musical comedy, which the most timid prophet would have no hesitation in saying has settled down into a long run, is a modern and very up-to-date version of *Cinderella*. "Angela" is the heroine step-daughter of Lady Crystal. She is snubbed and kept in the background by her mother and sisters. Fortunately she has acquired the habit of pressing her pretty nose to the window pane while she watches the gay world without. The Duke surprises her at this pastime, and falls in love. He makes a most unceremonious entrance, and is confronted by the diminutive page, "Bucket," played in true comedy style by Master Valchera. The scene in which "Bucket" declares his youthful adoration for Miss Angela is received with roars of laughter. He is a magnanimous child, and when the Duke appears, he leaves the field to his older rival in a speech half humorous, half pathetic But he scorns the Duke's gold

The Duke of St. Jermyns *(Mr. Seymour Hicks)* **Angela** *(Miss Zena Dare)*

A common kitchen cup and thick slices of bread and butter

The Duke gets on exceedingly well with this modern Cinderella. She invites him to take tea with her, apologising for the "common kitchen cup and thick pieces of bread and butter" which are her portion in her step-mother's house. The love scene between them is full of dainty comedy. When the Duke has gone, Angela, ignorant of his identity, sits down and sighs because she is not allowed to go to the ball with her resplendent sisters

Photos by] **Lady Caterham** *(Miss Rosina Filippi)* **Angela** *(Miss Zena Dare)* [*Ellis and Walery*

The 'Fairy Godmother" brings a ball dress for Angela

After everyone has left the house, and poor Angela is sitting alone in disconsolate mood, enters the "Fairy Godmother" in the person of her aunt, Lady Caterham. She cheerfully seizes a poker in lieu of a wand, and summons a band of costumiers, shoemakers, etc. Angela goes to the ball as "Miss Molly O'Halloran," an Irish heiress from Clare

The Duke presents his future bride, Angela

"Molly O'Halloran" is easily the belle of the ball. Angela meets her sisters, but keeps up her impersonation of the Irish heiress. The "ugly" sisters, by the bye, in *Cinderella* become in the modern story two very fascinating damsels, played in dashing style by Miss Ethel Matthews and Miss Hilda Jacobsen. They are seen, one on each side of their mamma (Miss Molly Lowell), on the left of the illustration

Photos by *Ellis and Walery*

Angela (*Miss Zena Dare*) **The Duke** (*Mr. Seymour Hicks*) **Lord Dundreary** (*Mr. Sam Sothern*)

'Wedding Bells"

The Duke, at the ball, falls in love with "Miss Molly O'Halloran." The young lady pretends to be most indignant at this fickleness. "First, at the house, you say you love me, then you say you love—me." This little misunderstanding is soon made up, and the play ends with wedding bells

The "Gibson Girls"

At Lady Crystal's House, Mayfair

At the Duchess of St. Jermyn's Ball

Photos by *Ellis and Walery*

A Stately Measure

IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON" AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

OUR SHORT STORY

BETWEEN GENTLEMEN

By OWEN OLIVER

I doubt if advice ever does good, though sometimes it seems to. The doctor gets credit for what nature has done!

I take no credit for advising Charlie Dalton. I only spoke to him at the request of his father—grey-haired man-of-the-world, old Dalton, who never takes advice himself.

"Some people would ask why I don't do it myself," he said, knitting his bushy eyebrows; "but *you* won't. A son can't be quite honest with his father, and a father can't be quite honest with his son. I suspect it's *that* sort of trouble. If I were making a new world, I wouldn't have a woman in it."

"Now you're sixty," I suggested.

"One's self is different," he admitted, with a flicker in his eyes. "Well, well! He'll go his own way, of course; but it will help him to talk things over with you."

I called round at Charlie's rooms in the evening. He was sitting in front of the fire with his head in his hands and his pipe unlit on the table. He was a second edition of his father at twenty-eight; big-featured and handsome, and a kind turn in the corners of his lips; past the foolishness of a boy and not come to the wisdom of a man.

"They tell me you're offered a big thing in South Africa," I remarked casually.

"You can tell them I'm going to refuse it." He shut his mouth as if he was prepared for remonstrance; but age has brought me such wisdom as age can.

"Is that so? Where do you keep your drink?" He jumped up and mixed me a whiskey and soda. "Isn't it good enough?"

"It's good enough," he admitted, "so far as that goes; but a fellow has to consider—other things. There are the old people, you see; and I don't fancy the country; and a dozen other reasons."

I lit a cigar carefully.

"I won't ask you for eleven of them,' I offered. He smiled for a moment. He has the saving sense of humour. "Of course, you can say that it isn't my business—if you're an ass." He laughed unwillingly.

"Very nearly," he owned. "Not quite as bad as that. . . . I'm not sure that I wouldn't like to talk it over with you. Only—it isn't altogether my secret."

"I didn't suppose it was. Tell me *your* half. If you want a pledge of secrecy——"

"No." He lit his pipe, and puffed away for a few seconds. Then he put it down. "The governor put you on to me, didn't he?"

"Good old man." He looked at the fire, and I thought he blinked a little. "It's rough on him. He's awfully keen on my getting on. . . . *I* was keen on it, too."

"It's a great opportunity," I said, mildly.

"A great opportunity," he echoed. I thought he stifled a sigh.

"I see a great many reasons for taking it."

"And I see only one against. . . . The one is enough."

"Tell me about her," I proposed.

He relit the pipe and told me—a few words at a time, between the puffs.

"It was nothing," he said, "at the beginning. Of course, I thought she was awfully pretty and awfully sweet and awfully good; and I knew that *he* wasn't."

"I see. She's married?"

"Before I knew her. I've known her four years and five months, and a few odd days. I could count *them*, if it mattered."

"How old is she?"

"Twenty-five. She's older in her ways, sometimes. Sometimes she's almost like a child. It makes her feel like that, she says—being with me. She—she hasn't anything else."

"He's older, I suppose?"

"Forty odd. He's a brute! . . . He isn't exactly a brute, either; but he drinks. He doesn't care a straw about her, or what she does. I don't want to talk about him. . . . We didn't start to flirt, only—we got talking. She's a woman you *can* talk to. She seems to know how a fellow feels about things; and how he ought to feel, and doesn't. . . . It was like opening a great white rose when she let me peep into her mind. . . . I—I've grown a more decent fellow these last few years. I don't say that out of conceit, but because—well, I want you to understand."

"I understand. Yes, I think she's a good woman. Well? You met her four years ago and some odd months—and you talked about things."

"I knew she was unhappy, and I'd have given anything to help her. It seemed so hard that I couldn't. . . . I told her so, and she cried a little; and I held her hands, in a brotherly way, you know."

"I know the way."

"It wouldn't have gone any further, only—her hair touched my face. That was what did it. . . . You don't know what pretty hair she has. She's all prettiness. I——hang it all!"

He snapped the stem of his pipe, and threw it in the fire. I let him alone till he chose to go on.

(All rights reserved)

"Mind," he said, "there's never been anything *wrong*. There never would be She's good enough to keep even me good; and I'm no saint. You know that. You wouldn't think any better of me if I were."

"No," I owned. There are times when the social veneer is useless.

"We've been in love all the time really; but we've only known it for two years. It's harmless enough, and little enough; but she lives on it. If I went away——I'm not going away."

"No? . . . I suppose you know you *ought* to go?"

He faced me suddenly. There was a wonderful likeness to his father, when—ah, well. That is another story; and it happened a long time ago. . . . It was Charlie who saved his father; little Charlie who toddled about in frocks.

"Do you know that I ought to go?" he asked steadily.

"No," I said slowly. "I don't know *her*. Who is she?"

He thought with his chin on his hand.

"I've trusted you with my secret," he said, "without even your word; but this is *hers*."

"You have my word—between gentlemen."

He nodded.

"It's Mrs. Fleming."

"Mrs. Fleming!" My voice broke out beyond my control. It takes a good deal to startle me; but this did.

"Mrs. Fleming." He looked me boldly in the face. "Now you *know* there's nothing wrong."

I got up and paced the room.

"Yes," I said. "My boy, I am too old to believe in many people. I believe in her, I——" My voice evaded my control again. "I can't say how sorry I am."

"*I* am sorry, and——," his voice grew firm, "—and glad. I can never be very bad now I have known *her*."

"You never could have been quite bad. . . I wasn't thinking of you, Charlie. Possibly it's worth the hurt to you. Oh! yes, I think so. . . You can go out into the world; and do things; and get over it. Oh, but you *will!* . . . It is different with her." He groaned.

"That's just it. She's staked her happiness on me. *She* wouldn't get over it. You know what she is; and he is."

"I know what men are, and women are. You must go. *She* will tell you to go."

"She would, if I asked her. She wouldn't even let me see a tear in her eye. . . . I don't know that she'd even cry when I was gone. She'd kneel down and pray for me, and——. Have you noticed how she's brightened these two years? How she looks younger and prettier? *I've* done that. Do you know how she'll look when I'm gone?"

"Yes," I said, "I know."

"I'm only a man. I'd never find anyone like her; but I daresay I'd get along very well with a second-best. I don't feel like it now; but I know how these things go. Do you think *she* would?"

"No," I owned slowly, "I don't."

"Do you think she would ever be happy? Well, she can't be that; but do you think she'd ever be as happy as now, with me to look in every second day to tea; to take her for a walk once in a week; to a theatre once a month; kiss her once in a blue moon. I don't do it often because she thinks its wrong. Do you think she *would?*"

"No," I said, "I don't."

"You've come to me from the old dad. He's no saint; but there isn't a straighter chap living. If there's another as straight, it's you. Between gentlemen—would *he* go? Would *you* go?"

I dropped my cigar, picked it up, and dropped it again. The "between gentlemen" had me, or I should have lied, as I ought to have lied.

"We should know we *ought* to go," I said.

He picked up my cigar and threw it in the fire.

"Just so," he said, with a rueful smile. "Just so! *I* know. . . . Take another cigar. . . . You can tell the old dad that I'm tied by the leg; and I'm running as straight as I can. A fellow can't do any more. . . . Have another whiskey and soda? . . . Won't you? . . . Good-night; and—and thank you."

"Good-night," I said, "my dear boy."

Then I went. I was out in the street before I remembered to put on my hat. I had known him when he was a little boy—such a little boy!

The next morning I stayed at home. I feared I should meet his father if I went to the club as usual. About half-past twelve Fleming called to see me. He had never been in my house before. I was civil to him; but I did not offer to shake hands. He twiddled his hat, and fidgeted with his feet. I thought he had been drinking already, but this was a mistake.

"I've come to ask your advice, Thornton," he said, looking down at the floor. "I've lost my nerve, I think, and I've *got* to speak to someone about it; and you're a straight man."

"Yes," I said shortly. My virtues are so few that I need not scruple to claim them. "But there must be others among your friends."

"On my soul, there aren't! Of course, I know we've never been friends, but I'm in a tight corner, Thornton." He drew a deep, shuddering breath.

"If I can help you, I will," I promised. A man can't pass a distress signal because he doesn't like the ship.

"We are speaking in confidence? Between gentlemen?"

"Yes." I was not sure that *he* was a gentlemen, but I passed the point.

"Gleesons' have offered me a post in South Africa. It's a big thing. Three thousand a year."

"What! Gleesons'? Three thousand?" It was the offer they had made to Charlie!

"I daresay you're surprised. I know pretty well what you think of me. I don't say that you're wrong. But I'm not incompetent in business."

"I didn't mean that. I understood that they had offered the post to someone else."

"But I'm in a tight corner, Thornton"

"I should have said that the offer is conditional on his refusal. They believe that he will refuse."

"Do you know who he is?"

"No. Do you?"

"Yes; but I can't tell you."

"It doesn't matter. . . Do you think he will accept?"

"No; but he's a fool not to. I suppose you'll take it? It's a good offer." I sighed, thinking of Charlie.

"I don't want to go in the least. I'd hate to leave town. My interests are all here; and my friends—such as they are."

"Such as they are," I agreed, grimly. "I shouldn't recommend you to reckon them."

"It isn't that. I—I haven't lived carefully. A year in a hot climate would probably settle me. I got my doctor to examine me yesterday. He was brutally frank. He said it would be suicide to go."

"Then that settles the question"

He smoothed his hat with his sleeve.

"It doesn't quite. That is why I wanted to speak to you. You see—there's my wife."

"She wants you to go," I cried sharply.

When I am inclined to judge people harshly I remember that, for a moment, I thought evil of Eva Fleming.

"She proposes to come with me." He drew himself up almost with dignity. "I don't think she *wants* to go any more than I do; but she presses me to accept. I'm going to be frank with you, Thornton. I have no affection for my wife. She has none for me There's no reason why she should. I've always preferred—other people. She's my wife all the same. I want to do the right thing by her."

"I don't quite understand," I said slowly.

He dropped his hat, and let it lie.

"My wife is a good woman; altogether the best woman I have ever known. She's young and pretty, and affectionate. She *has* to care for someone. . . . Well, she does. It's young Dalton. She has good taste. . . . You mustn't blame her. I tell you she's *good!*"

"I believe it'

"If she were like the rest of them she could flirt with him and make herself happy. I shouldn't care. I don't want her. She could divorce me easily enough if she liked. But she's a Roman Catholic, and they don't believe in divorce. So she's tied to me. *I* know what I am. . . . She *isn't* like the rest. She wears her silly little soul out because she thinks a hand-squeeze is wrong. It isn't just that, either. I—I don't know if I can make you understand; but what I feel is this. She can't be quite the woman she would be, while she does little things that *she* thinks are wrong, though *we* wouldn't think anything about them. . . . Her goodness has been a sort of fetish to me. I've never wanted to imitate it, only I've believed in it. A man must believe in something. . . . I think I'll go, if the other man refuses. At the bottom of my heart I'm praying that he won't. . . . Well, that's what I wanted to ask you about. Shall I go?"

"Don't put it on me," I said, huskily. "How can I tell you to go—or not to. Do what you think is right. You know as well as I do. . . . By heaven, you're a better man than I, Fleming!"

He picked up his hat and rose.

"I don't deceive myself about myself," he said, "but—yes, I know. Good morning."

"Good morning. I wish——try to give up the drink and you'll pull through yet. I——shake hands! Good morning!"

He went unsteadily through the door; and I sat thinking for a long time. When you get old, you rest upon fixed ideas about things and people. If one is taken away it disturbs the rest; and I seemed to have no safe ground to stand upon. It was half-an-hour before I made up my mind to go round to Charlie's. He was out; but I left word that I wanted to see him at once He came to see me in the afternoon. He was very haggard, and I could see from his eyes that he had not slept the night before.

"Don't talk to me any more about it," he entreated.

"I must," I said, firmly. "Charlie—last night you asked me a question; and I gave you an answer. It was an evasive answer; but you understood." He nodded. "Since then I've learnt more about it. You must go to South Africa. I assure you that I would go; that your father would go. I give you my word of honour that *you* would go—if you knew what I know."

He started half out of the chair and leaned forward, holding to the arms.

"It was you who spoke to her," he cried furiously. "I trusted you."

"I have not communicated with her, directly or indirectly. You ought to know me better."

He sank back again in the chair.

"I suppose it was the governor. Anyhow, someone told her that I had this offer. She sent for me, and begged me to take it; for her sake as well as mine, she said. . . . I know she wouldn't think of herself. . . . I was wrong about her not crying. She *did* cry. . . . Nothing would make me go now. Nothing!"

"You are wrong. You would go if I could tell you. Charlie, you don't understand *her*."

"Don't dare to say anything against *her*," he cried. "You are old enough to be my father, but—I wouldn't stand *that* even from the governor."

"I have nothing to say against her. I think better of her than you do. It's no use losing your temper. . . . It's her goodness that you do not understand; and—her husband's."

"*His* goodness!" He jumped up and took his hat. "I should be sorry to quarrel with you, Mr. Thornton. I'd better go."

He walked towards the door, but I stood in front of him.

"I have given you my word of honour," I said, "that you would go if you knew what I know—what will happen if you do not go—who is going."

He stared at me for several moments. His face grew whiter and whiter.

"You mean—Fleming."

"I mean Fleming."

"Does she know?" He clutched my arm.

"She knows. She is going with him, if he goes. Don't look like that, my boy. It isn't because she doesn't care for you. It's because she does. . . . He is going because he—we called him a brute!—he feels it is due to her; and to her goodness. He doesn't want to go. He doesn't love her. He isn't jealous. The doctor has told him that South Africa will kill him . . . and he is going—because he honours her!"

He sank on a chair with a groan. I walked away and blinked out of the window for a few minutes. I knew he would not like me to look at him just then. One person is cut off from all the rest of the world; and sometimes there is no bridge between. . . . He was braver than I, and came and put his hand on my shoulder, and found his voice first.

"God bless her!" he said, "and you—and him! . . . He has honoured her more than I. . . . Of course, I shall go. You'll let the old people know at once, won't you. I—they'll be so pleased. I couldn't stand it just now. I'm going to—her."

The next week he went to South Africa. He insisted on taking the first possible steamer. I took Mrs. Fleming down to see him off; and when he had gone I took her home. She was very plucky, and tried hard to talk and smile; but I pretended to be sleepy and lay back in the corner. She was trying to smile even to herself I saw whenever I opened my eyes; but when I said good night in her hall, I felt a hot tear on my hand.

"Thank you!" she said. "Oh! thank you!"

Then she turned suddenly and ran up the stairs. I slammed the door quickly for fear I should hear her cry. She would have had more to thank me for, I thought, if I had let her husband go. For the next eight months, in my heart of hearts, I wished that I had. Only we spoke between gentlemen; and wishes don't count then.

After eight months I changed my mind. For Fleming broke down badly and took to his bed. If anything could have pulled him through her nursing would have done it. Fortunately, nothing could. I don't say that unfeelingly. Even he knew it was best.

A few months later I escorted her down to the Cape steamer; and this time I did not bring her back. She was a little troubled about the propriety of marrying again so soon; but she took my advice.

"You give me your word that you think it is right?" she asked, with a pretty flush on her pretty face. "I don't mean the word that you think good enough for a woman—your word as between gentlemen."

"Between gentlemen," I said, "my dear!"

I wrote and told Charlie to give her *his* word like that. It would be a better world, if men would—or could!

OWEN OLIVER

A Delicate Distinction

HOST: "Confound you, Sir! I invited you to shoot my rabbits, not my calves"

A POINT OF LAW

SERVICE OF WRIT.—"**Personal service must be made, if practicable**"

Every Man's Own Lawyer

OUR WEEKLY BOOK-LETTER

From JASPER SPEKE, *Barrister-at-Law, to* SIR JOHN HEAVITREE, *Bart., Lestead Hall, Norfolk*

No. IV.

Fleet Street, September 19, 1904.

MY DEAR SQUIRE,—

Please thank her ladyship for her kind letter. I am glad she has found my recommendation of novels satisfactory. She wants to hear about the new book, by Miss Marie Corelli, which has just been published. It is called *God's Good Man*, and is published by Methuen and Co. It is described as "a simple love story," and has a good deal of idyllic charm about its earlier scenes. The action takes place in a beautiful village, which I take to be in Sussex; and the rectory, in which dwells the hero of the tale, and the ancient manor-house, to which the heroine returns in the early chapters after an absence of twelve years, are described with great sympathy. Perhaps the gardens which enshrine these two dwelling-places, and in which daffodils, violets, aconites, bluebells, lilac, wisteria, apple-blossom, almond-blossom, clematis, roses, and blackthorn, are all in bloom at the same time, may excite the surprise of those whose horticultural operations are carried on in places less climatically favoured than this happy village; but there is no doubt that Miss Corelli has succeeded well in conveying the thrill and exhilaration which is known to all country lovers in the month of May. The peace of the parish of St. Rest in general, and of Abbot's Manor in particular, is somewhat disturbed later on by the invasion of a horde of smart London savages of the breed that Miss Corelli takes pleasure in satirising, and even in the neighbourhood itself there are inhabitants of an altogether repulsive type of vulgarity and wickedness, so that one's early impressions of a place where every prospect pleases are somewhat overcast as the story goes on. But the disagreeable people are, no doubt, intended to throw into relief the transparent goodness of the Reverend John Walden and Miss Maryllia Vancourt, and certainly these two, whose mutual love is crowned by the happiest of developments, stand out as angels of light beside most of the other characters in the story. I have no doubt that this book will add to the already enormous popularity of Miss Marie Corelli as a writer of romance.

I have read with very great interest *A Leader of Society at Napoleon's Court*, by Catherine M. Bearne (Fisher Unwin). The book itself is hardly more than a boiling down of the voluminous memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantès, wife of General Junot, and is not remarkable for its literary qualities. But few of us have time to read a work of five and twenty volumes, which is the length to which the original memoirs extended, and the book just published contains nearly everything of interest that could have been extracted from them. Laura Permon, married at the age of fifteen to General Junot, was descended on her mother's side from a noble family of Corsica, between whom and the Bonapartes there existed a close intimacy. Napoleon was constantly at the house of the Permons in Paris from the time he was at the Ecole Militaire onwards, and in the memoirs we see him developing from an "irritable, touchy, discontented," and very poor boy, into the great Emperor. So close, indeed, was the intimacy between the two families that Napoleon proposed marriage to Madame Permon (who promptly refused him) after the death of her husband, and also wished to arrange marriages between Madame Permon's son and his sister, Paulette, afterwards Princess Borghese, and Laura herself and either Louis or Jérôme Bonaparte. All these schemes fell through, but through Laura's marriage with Junot she remained in constant touch with Napoleon's court, and also through her mother with the Royalists. The chief value of the book is the searching light it throws on the character and intimate life of Napoleon himself, and I can promise you that if you read it you will find a great deal to surprise and interest you.

From a somewhat meagre list of novels this week, I choose *Nigel's Vocation* (Methuen), by W. E. Norris, to recommend to you. Without rising to the level at which he used to write, Mr. Norris has given us a story which is as good as anything we have had from him for some years. His characters are more sympathetic than most of those in his later books, and there is genuine excitement in some of the later chapters where virtue is rewarded or mild but designing villainy foiled. All Norfolk men love Mr. Norris for *Thirlby Hall*, and we are all waiting with pathetic patience for another novel from him as good. Perhaps it is too late to expect it now, but in the meantime *Nigel's Vocation* will do to go on with.

Believe me, my dear Squire,

Very sincerely yours,

JASPER SPEKE.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Mr. Henry James

A new novel by Mr. Henry James used to be an event of no ordinary literary importance, as for nearly twenty-five years of his writing career he published works of fiction only at fairly lengthy intervals. But since 1896 he has given us a novel each year as regularly as one of our clockwork romancers, and a year is but a short period in which to assimilate thoroughly a work of fiction by Mr. James! His new book, which Messrs. Methuen and Co. are publishing this season, is entitled, "The Golden Bowl," and it deals with complications that gather around three Americans who have settled in Europe, and whose western habits of life land them into difficulties, chiefly, I suppose, of an intellectual kind. Mr. James himself, as we all know, has been for a great many years a resident in this country, and his trip to America this summer is a long-delayed visit to his native land. Of modern American authors, he is quite the most difficult to "place." It seems to me that his temperament is essentially un-American; his literary point of view differs widely from that of any of his countrymen. Indeed, I find it hard to account for the readiness with which publishers issue his novels, since these are so ingeniously constructed to appeal to only a minority of readers. His fiction is as laboriously illustrative of character in all its *minutiæ* as that of Mr. Meredith, while it is without the latter's not very high dramatic quality. His style is at times as difficult; and, in short, though the person of literary taste must be at once conscious of contact with an artist when he takes up one of Mr. James's novels, the absence of the story element in nearly all his books, and especially his later and steadily lengthening novels, makes it difficult to explain their success.

Photo by H. W. Barnett

Mr. Henry James

"The face of the man," says Mr. Harold Begbie, "is that of a sure-footed priest—large, strong, clean-shaven, with few lines in it, but every line deep and significant; and over it a smooth head, where the tonsure has spread victoriously"

"The Greatest Living Neurologist"

I noticed that one of Mr. James's countrymen described him the other day as "the world's greatest living neurologist"; but, even so, one would have thought that the "neurology" business was not very brisk! Mr. James is a rare visitor to London, and lives a very secluded life in the country—the Isle of Wight, or somewhere in the south—but he has been sought out by the ubiquitous Mr. Harold Begbie, who says of him, "the face of the man is that of a sure-footed priest—large, strong, clean-shaven, with few lines in it, but every line deep and significant; and over it a smooth head, where the tonsure has spread victoriously." Mr. Begbie assures us that Mr. James has "an impatient contempt for little things"; but no one who has read his novels can accept that statement. He is pre-eminently the investigator of little things.

"The Natural Man" and "Little Mary"

One's thoughts turn naturally from Mr. Henry James to French writers, as there is so much in his work that is directly traceable to his deep study of French literature. But there is little in common between him and the author of the latest French book that has come my way. This is by no means an agreeable work, entitled, "L'Eldorado," by M. Paul Brulat, and I mention it merely to point out the curious resemblance in its central idea to that of Mr. Barrie's play, *The Admirable Crichton*. M. Brulat shows us a ship-load of people, fairly representative of French society, wrecked on a desert island, and tries to convince us with much superfluous and unpleasant detail that the natural man who comes to the top in such circumstances is a nearer approach to the beast than anything that is possible in a normal condition of society. I prefer Mr. Barrie's treatment of the subject.

A Good Story of Dumas

Here is a very characteristic story of Alexandre Dumas, which I have come across in M. Jules Claretie's most interesting new book "Profils de Théatre." After describing how the great romancer would start and re-start the rehearsal of a scene in one of his plays

eight or ten times, making each time what seemed the most finnicking changes in the stage furniture, until actors and lookers-on were wearied, he tells us that on one occasion Dumas went to spend the night at the house of his staunch dramatic friend Mélingue, both arriving there worn out with the worries of the rehearsal of the *Maison Rouge*. This was after three o'clock in the morning, so his host showed the dramatist promptly to his room, and himself retired. Presently an extraordinary noise from Dumas' room brought Mélingue to the door, inquiring what was wrong. "Nothing," replied Dumas, "it's nothing at all; I'm only arranging the room. The glass cabinet is in an abominable position, and the bookcase is much better where I have just put it." His friend put a stop to the dramatist's experiments with his furniture by entering the room and snuffing the candles, telling him that he was quite as pleased with the *mise en scène* of his room as Dumas had been displeased with that of his play at the theatre that evening. Thus, moralises M. Claretie, was Dumas at four o'clock in the morning faithful to his temperament, continuing to build up a *mise en scène* that would please his artistic sense.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. William Archer

One of the ablest of present-day dramatic critics

Mr. William Archer

Although two days in advance — better so than late — congratulations to Mr. William Archer on his forty-eighth birthday, which falls on Friday next. Mr. Archer's intellectuality and strong control of his emotions make his criticism of permanent value, and we may be sure that future historians of the stage will set considerable store by his opinions; for although he is not without prejudices, these are so apparent and so regular, that one may allow for them; his loyal devotion to the Ibsen drama being a case in point. Mr. Archer, who has been in London journalism since 1878, and had originally joined the press in Edinburgh, where, by the way, he took his M.A. degree at the University, has not confined his writing to the drama, but has produced a great deal of sound literary criticism, and he has even succeeded in transforming the overdone "interview" into a new thing by inventing "Real Conversations."

About an Old Illustration

Some time ago I was confronted with a curious difficulty in the matter of an old illustration. In the beautiful illustrated edition of Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare," there is a reproduction of an old engraving, which Mr. Lee has entitled, "An Elizabethan Schoolmaster," describing it as "from *Pedantius*, a Latin comedy, acted at Trinity College, Cambridge, before 1591 (first printed in 1631)." Now, the same illustration appears in "The Two Protectors," a book published by Sir Richard Tangye, mainly to illustrate his celebrated collection of Cromwelliana. It is there given as a portrait of "Danl. Beard, Schoolmaster of Oliver Cromwell," this legend being engraved below the picture, and seemingly as part of the original plate; but, so far as I remember, a scroll issuing from the mouth of the teacher and the word "Pedantius," which appear in Mr. Lee's reproduction, are absent. Sir Richard Tangye states that the two scholars shown behind the teacher are Oliver Cromwell and John Hampden, but this cannot be correct, owing to the disparity in the ages of these famous cousins, and to the fact that they did not go to school together. Probably the explanation of how the same picture with the altered lines comes to serve two purposes is, that it was a frequent habit then, as it is occasionally with cheaper printers to-day, to re-title old pictures and palm them off as new. If Mr. Lee is correct as to the first printing of "Pedantius," it would seem that Sir Richard Tangye treasures a spurious portrait of Cromwell's schoolmaster, for in 1631 Cromwell had not achieved sufficient fame to shed on his teacher any reflected glory, and it is unlikely that the latter was sufficiently noted to be the subject of a special engraving.

Odds and Ends

Mr. Eveleigh Nash writes to me stating that he published Lady Helen Forbes's brilliant novel, "His Eminence," "for the first time in book-form this spring." My query was prompted by the fact that in the list of her ladyship's books in "Who's Who" this novel appears as published in 1898. Perhaps Lady Forbes wrote it six years before she published it; but it is rather confusing to give the earlier date in a work of reference.——The Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes informs me that I was mistaken as to her first novel, which did not appear until 1888, and was entitled "Her Last Run." Her husband has resigned his commission in the Gordon Highlanders, and they are now settled at Blyth House, Aberdeenshire.

PARISIANA

By JOHN F. MACDONALD

"AUX AMBASSADEURS" ON A HOT SUMMER'S EVE

"Ah, les grandes chaleurs!"

Not a soul on the sunny side of the streets, of the boulevards; how we all congregate on the shady side, and how we all avoid the great glaring squares! Not a Parisian do I know who would cross the Place de la Concorde between the hours of noon and four. No, if go in that direction he must, he maps out a little programme of his route, which takes him through side streets, which turns a short walk into a veritable journey. "Yesterday," he narrates, "ten people were struck with congestion! Mon cher, am I not right in trying not to be another victim?" Quite right, my Parisian; for, as you proceed carefully to explain, death from "congestion" would not only concern you, but also your wife and children. Ah me, these are anxious, trying times. "Congestion," or escape from "congestion"? Truly, a "situation"! Certainly, a "disaster"! The green umbrella and the paper fan, to which even men are entitled during the grandes chaleurs, prove but a moderate consolation. What one requires is an oasis, where one may muse, where one may idle. And such an oasis may be found on the Champ Elysées, in the Concert des Ambassadeurs.

Not only a concert: for, immediately behind the rows and rows of seats that face the stage, is a terrace; and above the terrace, on a balcony, is a restaurant; and farther still in the background is another restaurant, and also a little garden, equipped with an American bar, where, in comfortable cane chairs, one may muse, one may idle. No air—for nowhere is there air. But great trees surround the Ambassadeurs, and there, anyhow, is shade. There, also, is refreshment—iced from the American bar. And there again, in the afternoons, is an orchestra that plays "sympathetically," that draws one's thoughts away from the critical "situation" caused by the grandes chaleurs. Languid in their cane chairs, Parisians and Parisiennes only move to sip iced tea or coffee, or to absorb "le cocktail" through a straw. Elegant Parisiennes, and well-groomed Parisians; and the atmosphere "sympathetic," the atmosphere full of charm. At the most, murmuring. No one raises his voice, and no one gesticulates. Then, the waiters are gentle, and the creator of the cocktails makes no exasperating sounds in the mixing of his drinks and the smashing of the ice. An ideal retreat during the grandes chaleurs! One may close one's eyes, one may even doze. Should you desire a match for your cigarette the waiter appears to anticipate your desire, and he does all the lighting,—you needn't move. Also, he of his own accord drops ice into your glass. "The last piece has just melted," he says gently. Dear, good waiter, who cares for us, who spoils us in the grandes chaleurs! Kind, thoughtful waiter, who would make life pleasant for us when the thermometer is heaven knows how much in the shade!

Mlle. Gaudet, a typical Parisian chanteuse of the Concert des Ambassadeurs

Why go away for dinner, why ever abandon the Ambassadeurs? A few steps, and we are on the balcony or in the second restaurant in the background. And then from the balcony we may view and hear café concert stars, and rejoice over the revue; or we may take a seat among the audience, or lounge in one of the little boxes at the side. So ridiculous to go away for dinner; the wise decision is to dine here. Admirable chef of the Ambassadeurs, you, too, care for us and spoil us in these grandes chaleurs! We vow we can eat nothing, nothing; but you, oh chef, are an artist, you, oh Great Being, send

(All rights reserved)

us trifles that are irresistible. Chef, for your incomparable services during the grandes chaleurs, you should be presented with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Legion of Honour.

Lights glowing in the Ambassadeurs' garden, and the band playing, and the stage occupied now by a comedian, next by a chanteuse, then by a troupe of tumblers. In the balcony, elegant Parisiennes and well-groomed Parisians dining and looking on; and among the audience, numbers of Englishmen and Americans, smoking, sipping, and smiling at the performers. Doubtful if they understand what they hear, but they applaud and they encore—yes, applaud and encore even Gaudet, a typical Parisian chanteuse, whose songs could scarcely be repeated in a drawing-room. And the Parisians present, who love Gaudet, marvel at the English and Americans, and wonder why they do not rise indignantly from their seats with the eternal national expression.

"Aoh, shocking."

The entr'acte, and then the revue. Gay music, a witty dialogue, and amusing situations. All the topics of the day passed in review; and so we get references to the Entente, to the Chartreuse Millions, to the latest extravagance of the latest demi-mondaine, to the Channel tunnel, to the newest plays, to anything and everything of interest that lends itself to caricature. And again the English and Americans rejoice, to the amazement of the Parisians who, as they return homewards, agree that the English race is not as staid and puritanical as it is supposed to be. However, all of us do not go home when the revue is over, and when the lights in the garden have been extinguished. There are the cane chairs, there is the American bar. And again, in the little garden in the background, does the waiter light our cigarettes and drop ice into our glasses. Almost midnight—but we linger and linger. A slight breeze plays among the trees: this is the most soothing moment in the twenty-four hours. Why go away to sleep, why not sleep here? Alas, there are the waiters and the cocktail creator to consider! Reluctantly, one leaves. Slowly, one passes through the avenues of the Champs Elysées. A calm, now; everyone moves at his ease, everyone ready to agree that the "situation" is less critical. But—twelve hours hence, the same old situation. Yes, twelve hours hence, the same announcement:

"I am ill-at-ease, I am unhappy, I cannot breathe: I cannot eat: I cannot sleep, mon cher, I suffer, I suffer! What a situation! What a disaster!"

And also that same agonised exclamation:

"Mon cher, I collapse, I die."

And again that same final despairing complaint—

"Ah, les grandes chaleurs."

"Pa, it says in this book of Jackie's that a camel can go between fourteen and fifteen days without water. Can you, dad?"

"Um! yes; longer"

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Cry for a Golfing Union

History repeats itself in golf as in all other matters of human interest. Some ten years ago there was an agitation for the creation of a Golf Association or Union which should take the whole government and administration of the game into its hands. There had been strong complaints that the affairs of the golfing world were not being properly administered by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrew's. It was represented, with some amount of justice, that the kingdom of golf was swelling into the proportions of an empire, and that that empire required a stronger executive than was provided by the premier club, who were ruling the affairs of golf in a *laissez-faire* manner suitable to the olden days, but not in keeping with the growing and pressing activities of the ever-increasing numbers of recruits to the game.

The Danger of a Split Seven Years Ago

Matters seemed to be reaching a crisis, and it was felt by many members of the Royal and Ancient that unless some measures of reform were initiated by the club to meet this growing call for a Golfing Union we were likely soon to be in imminent danger of a split, which might have disastrous consequences for the best interests of golf. The question then arose as to how the predominant position of the Royal and Ancient could best be preserved while broadening the base on which the authority of the club rested, and so meeting the most valid objection which the supporters of an Association could bring against the club.

How the Danger was Averted

The plan favoured by a goodly number of members of the Royal and Ancient—a plan which I shall never regret having supported—was to the following effect: It was suggested that the government of the game should be administered by a body representing the leading clubs of the golfing world, under the hegemony of the Royal and Ancient, who, in recognition of their position, should have the chairmanship of the proposed body vested in one of their representatives. Each club was to elect from among its members a certain number of representatives to serve on this central body. In this way it was hoped that a body would be constituted representing all the leading clubs of the United Kingdom, and that by this step the predominance of St. Andrew's would be maintained to a certain extent, while the demand for an Association, the consequences of whose formation for good or bad none could clearly foresee, would be checkmated. Whether this plan was a wise or foolish one none can say, for it never came to fruition. Alarmed by the possibility of the Royal and Ancient Club being shorn of any of the attributes of undisputed and supreme sovereignty, a counter agitation arose among a considerable section of the members, having for its leaders Mr. J. L. Low and the late Lieutenant Tait. Their plea, and a very strong one it was, averred that the true policy for the members was to confirm the authority of the club, and not to diminish it; to place it, as far as possible, in a position analogous to that held in cricket by the M.C.C.; and to resist to the utmost any plan which should place St. Andrew's on an equality with other clubs, while throwing a sop to her in the shape of the fictitious authority of the chairmanship of the new body.

Opposing Sections

One section declared itself confident of carrying its proposal, while the other maintained its ability to defeat any such project. Matters were rapidly approaching a crisis. The wiser heads on either side, however, felt that it would be disastrous if the result should be an internal dissension full of acrimony and bitterness. On the eve of the meeting of the club, which was to decide this crisis, the heads of the two parties met in my rooms at St. Andrew's. After a long and friendly discussion, a compromise was effected, that compromise taking the shape of the Rules of Golf Committee, the members of which, while necessarily belonging to the club, are chosen, as far as possible, from among members representing not only St. Andrew's, but other leading clubs as well, such as, for example, Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Hutchings, as representing respectively, Westward-Ho! and Hoylake.

The Duty of the "Royal and Ancient"

Whether the original proposal of a strong association of the great clubs, under the leadership of St. Andrew's, dealing with all matters pertaining to the game, or the compromise in the shape of the Rules of Golf Committee, limited to the administration of the rules, and leaving the main government of the game solely to the club, was the wiser, who shall say? I quite recognise the strength of the argument for maintaining the supreme authority of St. Andrew's and, as far as the rules are concerned, that predominant position has been secured. But there are other and wider questions than the rules which call for consideration. Sovereignty has its duties as well as its prerogatives. If this renewed clamour for an Association is to be met, and, as I trust, defeated, it can only be by the Royal and Ancient Club bestirring itself, and assuming an active, instead of a tacit, leadership in all those questions arising out of the ever-widening circle of devotees of one of the noblest games invented by man.

Ernest Lehmann

A Hot Corner

DRAWN BY CECIL SCRUBY

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Special arrangements have been made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

On Velvet

The recent speed trials of the Irish Automobile Club at Portmarnock were well attended, and successfully demonstrated the possibilities of motor racing on the sands. "Velvet Strand," about seven miles from Dublin, is a stretch of firm, level sand, providing, when the tide recedes, a track five or six miles in extent. The races were run over a measured mile, with a good breeze behind the competing cars. The 10 h.-p. Duryea secured the prize for two-seaters, covering the mile in the astonishing time of 1min. 41sec., while in the big touring-car class the 28 h.-p. Daimlers secured first and second places. In the racing section, the six-cylinder Napier, driven by Mr. McDonald, distinguished itself, beating the Hon. C. S. Rolls, on a 100 h.-p. Mors, and Mr. A. L. Guinness, on a Gordon-Bennett Darracq.

Local Racing

These are fast times for a sand track, and such results quite justify the holding of further meetings at Portmarnock. Many of our seaside towns have, no doubt, suitable sands in their neighbourhood, and would find it good policy to hold local speed tests during their summer seasons. A well-managed race meeting would bring as much money into a town as yacht racing does, and should provide quite as much amusement to the visitors.

Military Motors

During the recent invasion of Essex, General Sir John French continually used a car, and found it invaluable for keeping touch with the various portions of his invading force. Military motor-cars have, however, been a little too useful; the Army Council having issued an order that only officers on

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Seashore Motor Trials at Portmarnock: View of the "Velvet Strand," looking towards the finishing post

On the "Velvet Strand" at Portmarnock: The Race between Plunkett and Martin for the Ten Guinea Cup

duty and in uniform are to be allowed to ride in them, except on such occasions as staff rides, etc., when officers are authorised to wear plain clothes.

Have you any Suggestions?

Although the present-day motor-car is a vastly different machine from that of a few years ago, yet there are undoubtedly some parts open to further improvement. In order to assist in these much-desired improvements, the Crystal Palace Company, in connection with the Fourth Automobile Show, which will be held at the Crystal Palace from January 27 to February 4, 1905, are proposing to give awards to such improvements as may, in the opinion of competent judges, be most successful. Among other points which have been suggested up to the present are:

Designs of Motor-Car Bodies.
Dust: Prevention and Cure.
Manufacture of Wheels.
Endurance, Resiliency, and Non-skidding of Tyres.
Lamps: Amount of light given and ease of manipulation.

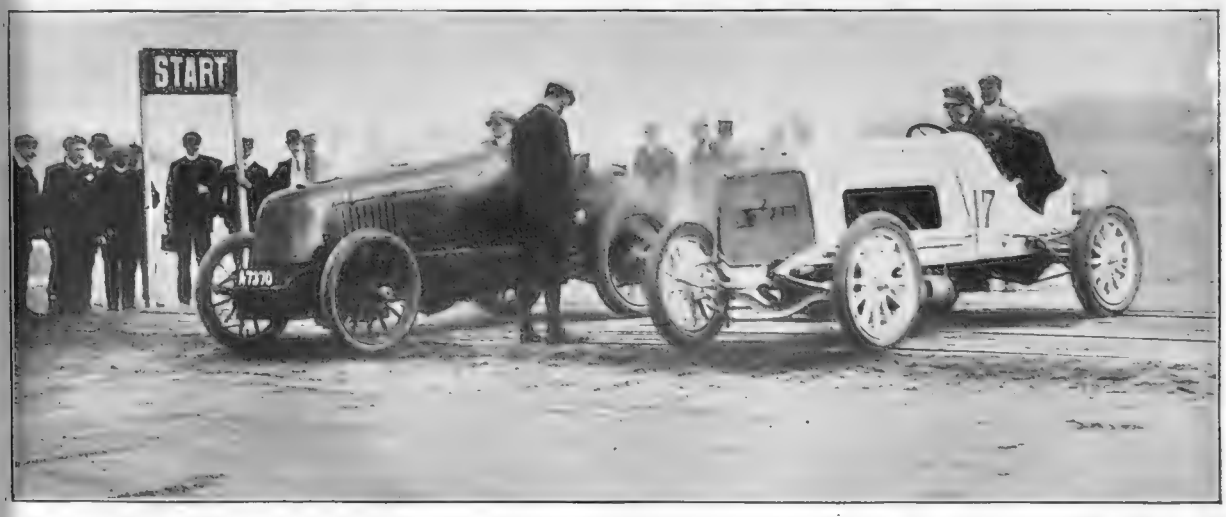
No doubt there are other points which, in the opinion of my readers, can be improved upon; and I shall be pleased to receive any suggestions from them, and to see that they are duly forwarded to the Secretary of the Automobile Show.

At Olympia

Preparations, too, are already in progress for a big Automobile Exhibition, which is to be held at Olympia, from February 10 to 18, 1905. The work of tearing out all the seating and wooden structures from the huge interior is being hurried forward by hundreds of men, and tons of dunnage and *débris* are being sold at auction daily. When only the shell of Olympia remains, the still greater task of preparing it for the thousands of exhibits will be commenced. The accessibility of this show should make it popular with all motorists.

A Motor-Balloon

The airship which has been built at the Alexandra Palace is now complete, and Dr. Barton is only waiting for a favourable day to make a trial trip over London. The frame, 120 feet in length, is constructed of bamboo, steel, and aluminium; above this is a cigar-shaped balloon, 175 feet long. Two 50 h.-p. Buchet petrol motors are fitted, and drive twin six-bladed propellors. The inventor has great hopes of success, and while wishing him luck I do not consider that any practical results can be obtained from a machine which is at the mercy of every wind that blows—a petrol engine insecurely suspended from a big sausage filled with gas is of little use.



Photos by *Topical Agency*

On the "Velvet Strand" at Portmarnock: The Hon. C. S. Rolls, in his 100 h.-p. Mors, and Mr. A. L. Guinness in his Gordon-Bennett Darracq

Hyde Park

The illogical character of the ten-mile speed limit in the Royal Parks is daily becoming more apparent, and a letter which I print from Mr. Charles Jarrott exemplifies the point. Last July some speed tests were conducted, and it was definitely stated by the Hon. John Scott Montagu, M.P., that Victorias, drawn by fast horses, attain a speed of fourteen miles per hour, broughams constantly twelve miles an hour, and many other vehicles using the Park roads also get up a speed of between ten or twelve miles per hour. An increase of quite thirty per cent. over a horse-drawn vehicle can surely be given to a motor-car with absolute safety and without annoyance to others. If the police are going to waste their time in strictly enforcing the regulation in September, when there is not a vehicle on the road, they evidently mean altogether to prevent the use of cars in the Park. Motorists have as much right to reasonable enjoyment of the parks as any other section of the community.

Those Traps!

Despite a flourishing burglary season, the police are still anxious to catch and convict the harmless motorist. I renew my offer to forward THE BYSTANDER post free for twelve weeks to any motorist sending me particulars of any trap he is caught in, provided that it has not appeared in any of my lists. I add a few more items to my previous lists, and advise drivers to

CUT DOWN THE GAS

Near the Raglan Police Station, Monmouth.
Round Hampton Court.
At Southwark, near Brighton.
Near Dunstable, five miles on the London side.
On the way to Wrotham, Kent, about a mile after Farningham Hill.
All round Hyde Park, especially opposite Knightsbridge Barracks.

A. H.

Correspondence.

A LETTER FROM MR. JARROTT.

DEAR SIR,—As you are good enough to give in THE BYSTANDER each week a list of the various police traps which are brought to your notice, I would like to advise you that I myself had the misfortune to run into a police trap in the centre of London, viz., Hyde Park, a measured furlong on the Knightsbridge side of the park, close to the Knightsbridge Barracks. There were two policemen with stop watches. A plain clothes constable gave the signal with an umbrella, etc. I was stopped and accused of travelling over ten miles an hour, and informed that I should be reported, and that a summons would be issued against me for exceeding that speed.

It is obvious that the authorities are desirous of preventing motor-cars being used in Hyde Park.

At the time I was stopped, I was driving very carefully. It was in the morning, and there was not a vehicle on the road.

I think the warning not to go through Hyde Park at all should be strongly emphasised, as obviously the police intend to carry out the strict letter of the law.

Yours faithfully,
CHAS. JARROTT.

Photo by *Goodfellow, Wincanton*

The Somerset Automobile Club Meet at Templecombe House

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages, for which we are reserving space.

The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be 1s. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.

THE AUTO-CYCLE CLUB'S NOVEL RELIABILITY TRIALS

View of Staines Bridge, showing competitors going up to the start

The conditions of the two-days' reliability trial held last week were of rather a novel character. There were fines for stoppages and late arrivals at the checking places——

The assembly on Staines Bridge

ler reported halt'ng by the wayside was fined 1s. for each stoppage. Non-arrivals at official stopping places were fined 5s. The
u. Staines by way of Egham, Bagsnot, Basingstoke, to Salisbury. After lunch, by way of Barford and Sherborne, to Yeovil.
Finally to Exeter, by way of Crewkerne, Chard, and Honiton

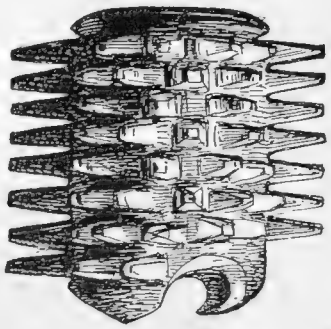
A Pallone Match at Florence

Pallone—the national game of Italy—is one of the most sporting games in existence. Unfortunately, professionalism and gambling have affected it, as they have affected other splendid pastimes

"PALLONE"

ITALY'S NATIONAL GAME, AND ONE OF THE FINEST PASTIMES IN EXISTENCE

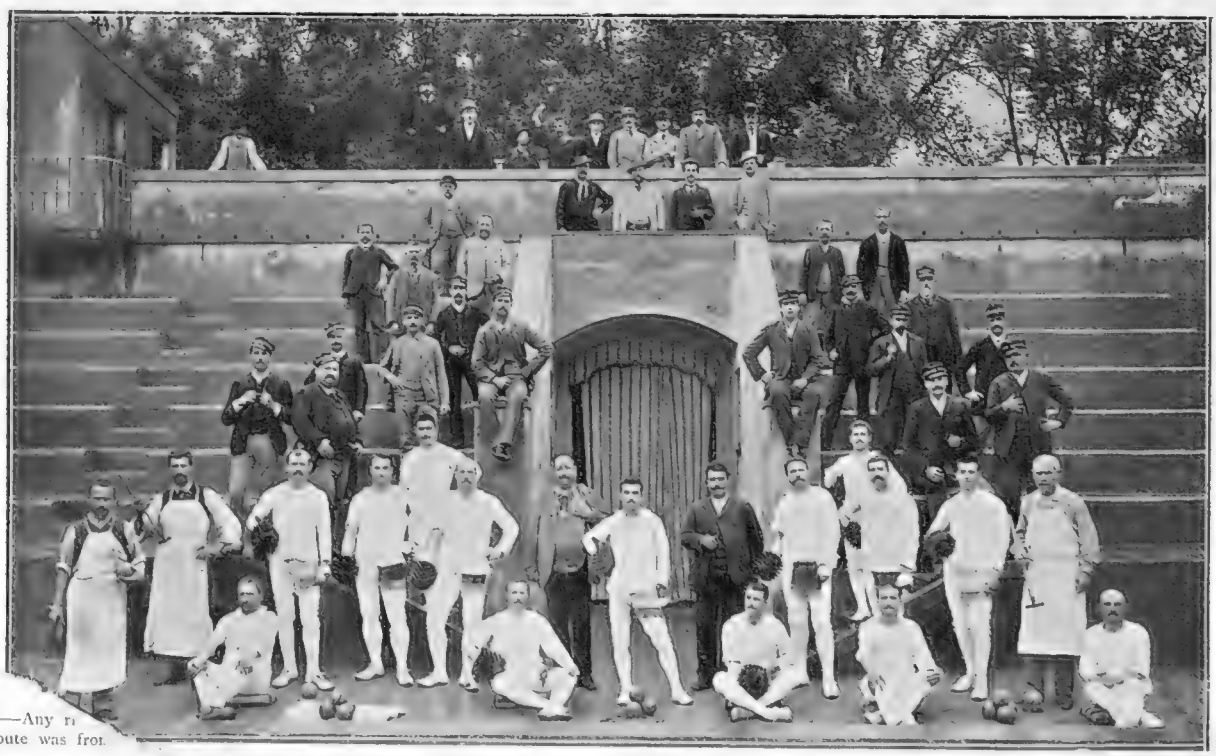
We are ever accustomed in this country to think that continental nations do not play games. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful whether we have a single game, unless it be football, which requires more manly qualities than the Italian game, Pallone. Pallone is played by six players, three aside, who are attired somewhat similarly to the Spanish toreador, wearing silk stockings and sashes. On their forearm is worn a strong oak gauntlet, protected with sharp points, and weighing five or six pounds. Across the court, which is 140 feet in length, and protected on one side by a high wall, a white chalk line is painted. Two players stand about twenty feet back from this line, waiting for short balls, while further back stand the second men, and at the back of all are posted the men who are responsible for the hardest hits—taking the place, more or less, of full backs in football. One of these stalwarts stands at the top of a spring board, when a player throws him the ball, much as it is thrown in rounders. If the player does not like the pitch of the ball, he refuses to strike, but when the ball comes gently towards him he runs down the spring board and hits it with all his might parallel with, and as close to, the wall as possible. The opponents, without allowing it to bounce, take it full pitch on the spiked gauntlet. Terrific strokes and counter strokes take place, and sometimes a rally lasts for several minutes. A point is won when the player fails to hit it over the line, or if the striker is successful enough to hit the ball so hard that it passes over the heads of the players and lands on the heads of the spectators at the further end.



The Pallone Gauntlet

The gauntlet is fitted on the forearm. The player strikes the ball (which is very hard, and resembles a small football) with the utmost force he is capable of. The distance the ball goes is astonishing

The point which each player wins individually is notched up on a scoring board, and the public patronise the various betting rings, and purchase tickets at one franc apiece on the player or players they think likely to win. Sometimes, if an unlikely player scores the greatest number of points, the purchaser of *biglietti* wins sums varying from twenty to fifty francs. Pallone is a game which calls forth all the sporting attributes of man—resource, agility, power, and stamina. The ball, it may be remarked, weighs about half a pound, and is blown so very tight that a hit from it can inflict a very ugly wound.



—Any r
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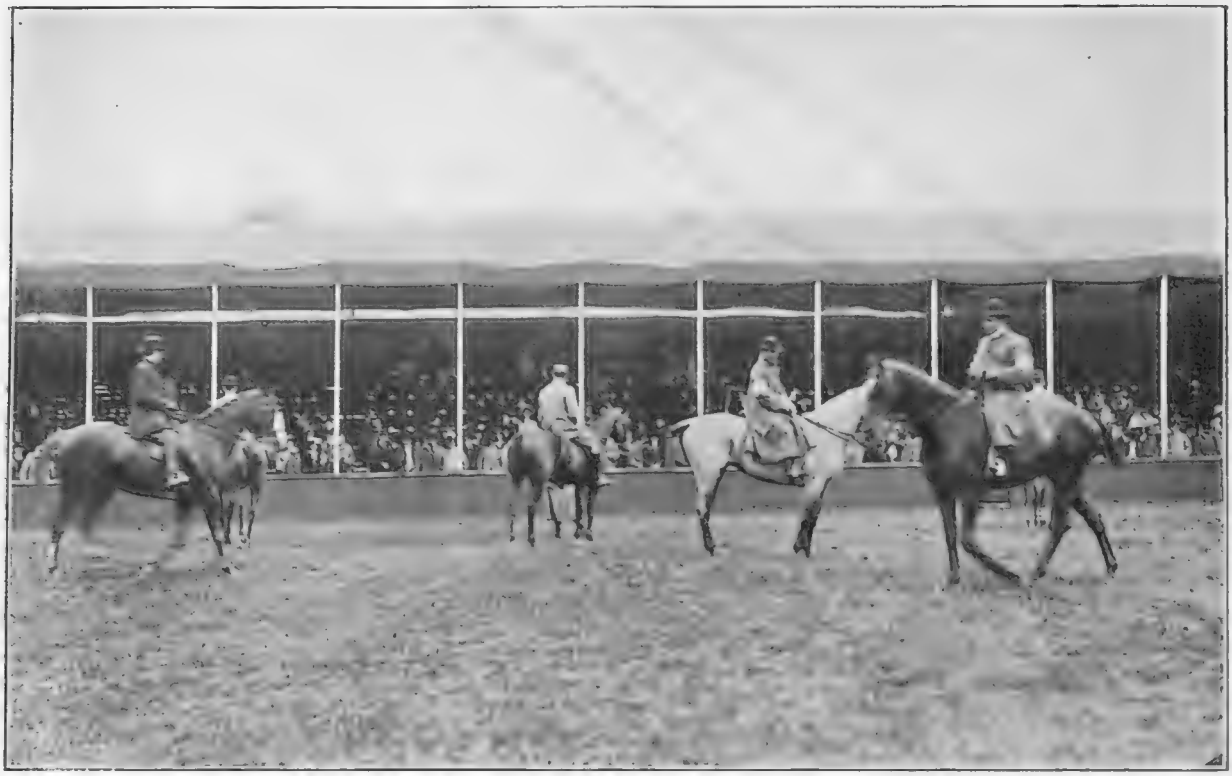
group of Pallone players photographed before the dressing-room on their ground at Florence

At Cardiff Horse Show



Hunters being judged in the large ring

Clearing the high rail in the jumping competition

Coursing: The Plumpton Produce Meeting

Slipper with hounds in leash waiting for hare to come up

Slipping a couple

A very level course

The Connoisseur.

OLD JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS.—I

Among the lesser arts in which the gifted Japanese excel, the most popular with collectors of to-day is the early work in colour printing. These large decorative pictures began as, and still remain in their native land, a democratic art. They were by the people, for the people, and appreciated only by the least important class. It has remained for the cognoscenti of Europe to instruct the Orient as to their high value. This is a curious reversal of the ordinary course, as in all decorative arts, Japan may be said to lead us by a thousand years.

Mr. Arthur Morrison, who is a profound student of the East, as well as of the East End, has gone deeply into the history of the popular school of painting in Japan, and shown that colour printing evolved from it by easy stages. The simple and direct methods of the popular school called aloud for some equally well-defined method of reproduction, and some way whereby the lively caricatures of the period might be brought before the people. At this time a certain Moronobu of Yasuda had become a painter of some skill and an engraver in black and white of a masterly character.

About 1660, Moronobu was at work upon numberless illustrations for books, and it is to him that colour printing owes its earliest impetus, for some of his prints, tinted by hand, appear to have suggested the later development of the craft.

The history of the rise and fall of the empire of Japanese colour printing is interesting from the beginning to the present day. Nowhere is it better or more succinctly told than in the admirable book by Mr. Edward F. Strange, "The Colour Prints of Japan" (Siegle), which is at once an appreciation and a history. From this agreeably written and informatory work we have borrowed two illustrations of very different and highly characteristic artists in this branch of design. Sharaku, for example, was one of those spontaneous geniuses who express themselves in caricature and nothing else. His work, that of wonderfully clever drawings of actors, showed marked individuality, was immensely popular in its day, and is now sought for far and wide. He appears to have only worked for a few years, but to all artists interested in Oriental productions he is immortal.

"Portrait of an Actor." By Sharaku

Sharaku was an early Japanese artist, who worked for only a short time, about 1790, and produced popular caricatures of a masterly character

(Reproduced from Mr. E. F. Strange's "Colour Prints of Japan")

The reproduction we give is highly characteristic of of his work. From Sharaku, in 1790, to Hiroshige the first, about 1820, is a far cry, but both artists held in common the divine art of expression, the sense of decorative beauty, and a mastery of technique. In regard to Japanese work, Mr. Strange says, in effect, a convention has to be accepted, as in every kind of pictorial art, but in this case it is a convention far removed from that of the European schools. When this manner and point of view have been fully grasped, the truth of the presentment is of a high order, and the result a fine example of perfect adaptation of means to an end. As in all other branches of art, the Japanese artist is seen here to get the uttermost possibilities out of his technique.

It is thought that the first Japanese colour prints that came to Europe were those of Utamaro, and it is certain that his originality of composition and beauty of line and colour have long since placed him among the most sought after of the late eighteenth century masters of the third period, although Hokusai remains always the leader in this delightful art, his long series of views of Fuji alone placing him high in the appreciation of all European admirers. One may single out the well-known names for praise, but the warmest eulogium is due to the colour printers of Japan as a whole. They have added a new item to the list of decorative objects; the quality of their work is such that it can be transplanted from its natural

"A Sunset," by Hiroshige I., an artist much admired by European collectors

Hiroshige I., like most Japanese artists, struck out in a definite line of his own. His drawings are marked by a wonderful sense of decorative beauty combined with a perfect mastery of technique

(Reproduced from Mr. E. F. Strange's "Colour Prints of Japan")

environment in old Japan and be placed in a modern room in Mayfair, and still carry with it its native air of quiet distinction, its repose, its grace, its perennial, restful beauty. There are, of course, better and worse artists; but from Iwasa Matabei —1577-1650—to, say. Kiyokata — living in 1902—the spirit of beauty is ever present in their work, and, decoratively speaking, their presence and influence here can bring nothing but good. E. M.

(To be continued.)

The Menu

ON THE PREPARATION OF YOUNG AND OLD GAME

When young and in prime condition, no mode of cookery is so suitable as basting, for pheasants, partridges, and grouse; but this only applies to young birds, as when they are old this process tends to harden them, and there are various other ways in which they can be made tender and very delicious in flavour. I especially recommend the casserole dish, which is an excellent way of cooking meat and game, and yet retaining the flavour of the latter which is so appeciated.

STEWED PARTRIDGES (OLD BIRDS)

Brown a brace of partridges in the stewpan, in either clarified dripping or butter, add a piece of pork or bacon cut into small pieces, a little chopped onion, two cloves, two carrots chopped small, a bay leaf, and some good stock; place these in a casserole dish in the oven, and cook gently for one-and-a-half hours. Strain the gravy and pour over and round the birds before serving.

PARTRIDGES, WITH MUSHROOMS

Dissolve over a gentle fire 1½ ozs. of butter, throw in about ¾ pt. of button-mushrooms, with a slight sprinkling of salt and cayenne, simmer them from eight to ten minutes, and turn them with the butter on to a plate; when they are quite cold, put them into the bodies of a brace of partridges, sew them up, truss them, and roast them from thirty to forty minutes. Serve them with brown mushroom sauce, or with gravy and bread sauce only.

BOILED PARTRIDGES

This is a delicate way of cooking young and tender birds. Clean and wash them well, cut off the heads, truss the legs like those of boiled fowls, and, when ready, drop them into a saucepan of boiling water; throw a little salt on them, and in less than twenty minutes they will be ready to serve. Send them to table with white mushroom sauce, with bread sauce and game gravy, or with celery sauce.

CELERY SAUCE.—Wash and cut in small pieces two or three small heads of celery, and boil in salt and water for twenty minutes. Then drain and put into a clean saucepan, covering with stock. Add salt and a blade of mace, and stew all until tender. Melt 2 ozs. of butter with a dessertspoonful of flour, and when smooth stir into it a cupful of milk; mix this with the celery and stock. Make thoroughly hot, for about fifteen minutes, but do not let it boil, and serve with the partridges.

STEWED HARE

Wash and soak the hare thoroughly, wipe it very dry, cut it into joints, dividing the largest; flour and brown it slightly in butter, with some pieces of lean ham or bacon; pour to them by degrees a pint and a half of gravy, and stew the hare very gently from an hour and a half to two hours; when it is nearly done, add the very thin rind of half a large lemon, and ten minutes before it is served stir into it a large dessertspoonful of flour, smoothly mixed with two tablespoonfuls of mushroom catsup, a quarter of a teaspoonful of mace, and a little less of cayenne. For the forcemeat balls: 2 ozs. lean ham or bacon, ¼ lb. suet, the rind of half a lemon, one dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of minced herbs, salt, cayenne, ¼ lb. bread-crumbs, two eggs. Mince the ingredients, and pound them together, add the eggs well beaten. The liver of the hare may be added, boiled, and minced very fine, and mixed with the above ingredients.

PARTRIDGE SOUFFLÉ

(An Entrée)

Roast two partridges, remove all the meat from the bones, and put it into a mortar, and pound well with 2 ozs. of cooked rice, 1 oz. of butter, a little pepper and salt, and 1½ gills of glaze. Pass all this through a hair sieve, and add the yolks of four eggs, and then the whites of two eggs whipped to a stiff froth, put into a mould and bake in a quick oven. Serve with a good gravy round, made from the bones and trimmings, and thickened with butter and cornflour. A purée of spinach, or any other dressed vegetable, may be served round it.

EMILIA.

A Royal Love Match

"The fierce light that beats upon the throne" has been shedding its rays in earnest upon the Royal bethrothal that has just taken place between the German Crown Prince and the little Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The German people dearly love a tinge of romance in the marriages of their Royalty, and this latest engagement has pleased them immensely on this account. There is nothing that appeals to them like a genuine love match among Royal personages, and from the humblest cottager to the highest in the land, the love story of the young couple is the one engrossing theme of the day. The little *fiancée* of their Crown Prince is, moreover, a girl after their own hearts. She is no stiff and stately lady of fashion, but just a little German maiden, brought up at home in the simplest manner.

The Young Duchess as Housewife

Even as their own little peasant girls, she was taught to cook, and sew, and mend, and is thoroughly versed in all the different branches of household management. And though, too, in the high place that awaits her, these homely accomplishments will be of little use, still the German people like to feel that their future Empress grew from child to woman just as one of themselves, and their hearts warm towards her accordingly. She is a real child of nature, too, and delights in nothing so much as an outdoor life. She has lived nearly all her life in the country, and rides and drives to perfection. She is a great favourite with the Mecklenburgers, to whom her bethrothal has come quite as a surprise, for they can scarcely realise that their charming child-Duchess has grown to womanhood, and is about to take upon her young shoulders the duties and responsibilities of such an exalted position.

The Crown Prince

Of the young Prince, we have heard a good deal during the past few years, and he has become very popular, partly, perhaps, because of his boyish escapades. At any rate, he has shown himself to be possessed of a strong, determined will, and in the light of past events, it seems just as well that his love affair is so eminently satisfactory to all concerned, for the Prince is a true Hohenzollern. The question of his marriage has been a subject of deep concern for some time to the rulers of his country, but the Prince would choose his wife for himself. In doing so, he has consulted his own heart, at the same time causing the most universal rejoicing—a most desirable achievement.

The Relative Value of Men's and Women's Work

The girl cigar-maker of the East End, who has been the means of causing a strike that has thrown 650 men and women out of employment, has, at the same time, brought into prominence the much-debated question of the relative value of men's and women's work. The cause of the strike was a simple affair, but it opens up a big question. The facts of the case were briefly these. The girl made a bad cigar, which was not only returned to her to re-make, but the price of it was deducted from her wages, as is customary in the trade. On the other hand, male hands are not fined in this manner, and it is there the grievance is. The girl in question would not accept these terms, and in consequence was dismissed. Thereupon 180 other girls rose of one accord, and left the factory. The firm announced their intention of a general lock-out if they did not return, and the girls proving obdurate, the result was that the following day 400 women and 250 men found themselves out of employment.

Are Women Treated Justly?

The question is, are the girls right in their demands? What they want is to be placed on the same terms as the men. It seems pretty obvious from official reports that women's labour cannot compete with men's. Even the smartest among them are proved to be not nearly so quick or so capable as the men workers. Therefore, if they desire to receive the same remuneration, they will find that in every case men will be preferred to them, and the day of the female worker in this industry will speedily decline. In the first instance, the reason that women were enabled to fill so many posts formerly occupied exclusively by men was that their labour could be got cheaper. But, in endeavouring to place themselves on a level with the opposite sex, they are slowly but surely defeating their own ends. At the same time, in the case in question there is one point which does not seem quite fair. Granted that the girls' work is inferior to the men's, then it is only right that, whilst the man receives 4*s.* 3*d.* for 100 cigars, the girls should get only 3*s.* 6*d.* It is also proved that the women fail to get through the same quantity of work in the day, and their earnings in proportion are less. In this case the further restriction imposed upon them of deducting from their wage is hard, for besides losing time that is precious to them, when they have to re-make a cigar, they are also expected to relinquish part of their week's wages. As this rule does not apply to men, I think the women are quite right in desiring to be placed on the same footing in this regard only.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Bystander, September 21, 1904

THE

BYSTANDER

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£2,000. FREEHOLD, or would be LET, Furnished, picturesque HOUSE, 5 miles from station and 4 from Hindhead. Contains: 3 large sitting rooms, large studio, 7 or 8 bedrooms, kitchen, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, and large outbuildings; church and post-office under 1 mile; good social district; 2 acres of garden, tennis court, kitchen garden, large greenhouse; grass land adjoining could be Rented or Purchased.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

50 ACRES. DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE NEARLY 400 FT. ABOVE SEA.

SUSSEX and SURREY (about an hour from Town, and in a splendid neighbourhood, with good hunting).—For SALE, at an extremely low price, a very choice little PROPERTY, comprising first-rate RESIDENCE, surrounded by well-timbered park-like land, commanding extensive views, and containing: large reception and billiard rooms, 12 bedrooms, bath, etc.; ample stabling, farm buildings, and cottages.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

45 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
STOKE D'ABERNON, COBHAM, AND OXSHOTT.

£4,000.—In this delightful neighbourhood, an exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE and nearly 3 acres; open fireplaces, inglenook, and beamed ceilings; good reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath, and offices.—Recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE (about a mile from a station, church, post and telegraph office).—To be LET or SOLD, owing to a death, a capital FARM, extending to about 135 acres. The homestead stands high, facing south, and contains: 4 bedrooms (3 more would be added by arrangement), parlour, kitchen, etc. There are also two splendid sites on the property. The land is in first-rate condition, is principally pasture, with fine avenue of elms, orchard, etc.; useful outbuildings.—Inspected and recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

Offices: 17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

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MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OVER THE WYE VALLEY.

HEREFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, a COUNTRY PROPERTY, in a picturesque district, 300ft. above sea level. House containing: 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; stabling; farmhouse and buildings; 2 cottages. 19 acres, beautifully timbered and including pasture, orchards, and pleasure grounds. Bracing district. Station, 1½ miles. Price, £2,000 (below cost).—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,500)

IN A RURAL POSITION, ONLY 8 MILES FROM HYDE PARK.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, UNFURNISHED.—A picturesque COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing high on a south slope, with extensive views, and approached by carriage drive, with lodge entrance: 4 reception, billiard, 14 bed and dressing rooms; conservatory; stabling; 6 acres of finely-timbered grounds, with tennis lawn and glasshouses. Price, £6,500, Freehold; Rent, £300 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,503)

HIGH, HEALTHY, AND BRACING.

ON THE SEA COAST, NEAR MARGATE, and close to a fashionable seaside resort.—To be SOLD, a RESIDENCE of attractive appearance in thorough repair, richly furnished throughout, and fitted with every convenience.

Pretty grounds. Lovely views. Tea-house half way down cliff. House contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, tower room, 5 bed and dressing rooms. Telephone. Stabling.—For views and price, which includes specially-adapted furniture, apply to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,657)

GOOD HUNTING DISTRICT.

12 MILES FROM BATH.

TO BE LET OR SOLD, a COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in good repair, standing on high ground, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, etc.; water and gas laid on; stabling for 10; lawns and grounds planted with beautiful ornamental timber, fish pond with fountain, 3 acres; golf links near. Price, £2,850. Rent, £120 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,562)

IN THE LOVELY HINDHEAD DISTRICT.

£2,000 for this picturesque RESIDENCE, with modern additions, and containing: drawing room (18ft. by 16ft.), dining room (19ft. by 18ft.), smoking room, and studio, 7 bedrooms; stabling; 2 acres of grounds. Additional land, up to 30 acres, may be rented or purchased. Would be LET Furnished at a nominal rent.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,327)

THE LARGE AUCTION GALLERY.

AUCTION GALLERIES.—The attention of Trustees, Executors, Solicitors, and Owners desirous of selling Family Jewels and Plate, Pictures, Prints, Lace, Furniture, and Valuables is drawn to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY'S

THREE AUCTION GALLERIES,

which are open daily throughout the year for receipt of property intended for prompt public Sale.

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on owners' premises in all parts of the kingdom arranged at shortest notice.

PINE DISTRICT. 35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

A MOST UNIQUE RESIDENCE, built in the Southern Italian style, and occupying a charming position on the top of a hill with extensive views. South aspect. 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, etc. The House is exceptionally well built, and fitted throughout in a most expensive style; electric light; heating system; Company's water; stabling and cottage. Well-planted grounds of 1 acre, screened pine woods. Soil light and dry. Golf links near. Price, £6,000. Rent, £250, Unfurnished.—Photos of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,499)

AT A SACRIFICE.

£7,500 WILL BUY a Compact SPORTING ESTATE which has cost, within the last two years, over £12,000. It is situate in Sussex, in a beautiful part of the county, on the borders of Surrey, and comprises a pleasure farm of 166 acres, mostly grass, with a charming old Residence, which has been modernised and brought up to date; electric light, modern sanitary arrangements; 4 reception rooms, 15 bedrooms, bath; stabling and farm buildings, well-timbered pleasure grounds, secondary residence, 4 cottages, etc.—Further particulars, photographs, and plan, of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, who have inspected the property, and can thoroughly recommend it. (2,600)

NEAR CROMER.

TO BE SOLD, a pretty RESIDENCE, arranged as a small mansion, situate on the sea coast in a sheltered position, and commanding fine land and sea views. 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc. Well fitted and decorated, panelled rooms. Company's gas and water, electric bells. 1 acre of grounds. Photo. Price, £5,000.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY (2,555)

THIS pretty Freehold RESIDENCE, situate in an open and healthy district, 35 minutes from London, and standing in ornamental grounds of 4 acres, to be SOLD. Billiard room, 2 reception rooms, conservatory, 6 bedrooms, bath, etc. Motor-house, greenhouse, rustic summer-houses, etc. South aspect. Gravel subsoil. Price, £3,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,609)

IN A FAVOURITE RESIDENTIAL PART OF KENT.

TO BE SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, surmounted by a clock tower, situate on the verge of a village green, and surrounded by beautifully-timbered pleasure grounds and park land of about 35 acres; 3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 4, farmery, and 6 cottages. Price, £6,000.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,248)

ON G.W.R.

On the outskirts of a small country town.

1 mile from a station; 25 minutes from London.

TO BE LET OR SOLD, a splendidly-built modern RESIDENCE, of pleasing design, and standing on gravel soil. Accommodation: drawing room (25ft. by 17ft.), dining room (19ft. by 17ft.), morning room (17ft. by 15ft.), study, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc. Stabling of 5. 2 acres of grounds. Price, £3,800. Rent, £175.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,926)

WITHIN EASY REACH OF SEA. TWO HOURS OF TOWN. PARK OF 150 ACRES.

TO BE LET, Furnished by the year, the above ELIZABETHAN MANSION, built about 30 years ago, and containing: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bath-room, etc.; usual domestic offices; stabling for 7. Beautiful pleasure grounds of 7 acres, shooting over 3,000 acres (200 acres of woods). Hunting and golf within easy reach.—Photographs and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 583)

ON THE SURREY HILLS. ONLY 20 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

£7,000 for a handsome modern COUNTRY HOUSE, situate on the outskirts of a town, and built for the owner's occupation, and expensively fitted throughout: hall (17 ft. square), 3 good reception rooms, 8 bedrooms; stabling for 3 and outbuildings; 6 acres of tastefully laid-out grounds; Company's gas and water. Specially recommended to anyone seeking a Country Residence with easy access of Town.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,788)

FURNISHED READY FOR OCCUPATION.

EAST KENT (5 minutes from a village).—For SALE, a prettily-furnished old-fashioned RESIDENCE, on gravel soil, overlooking a valley. Matured grounds, conservatories, cottage, stabling, etc. House contains: 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bath. Fishing, hunting, and shooting. Price, £2,000, including Furniture and effects.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,592)

IN A HEALTHY DISTRICT. 1¼ HOURS OF TOWN.

BERKS.—To be SOLD, a small COUNTRY PROPERTY, comprising a House and 16 acres of grounds. The Residence, which stands well back from the road, is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: 6 bedrooms, bath-room, and 3 reception rooms; farmery, stabling, 2 cottages, attractive pleasure grounds, orchard, and pasture. Price, £3,500, or would be LET, Unfurnished.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,208)

OVERLOOKING A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY ON THE KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.

£3,500 for this charming RESIDENCE, situate some 700 ft. above sea level, in handsomely-timbered park-like grounds of 10 acres, through which it is approached by a long carriage drive. Accommodation: 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, etc. Conservatory. Stabling and farmery.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,206)

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MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS.—£1,950 will purchase a charming BIJOU RESIDENCE and 3 acres in the beautiful Liphook and Hindhead district, 2 miles from station: 5 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, old-fashioned chimney corner, oak beams, large hall, stabling, gardens, and meadow (more land if required); fine views over a lovely country.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (19,635)

KENT (Edenbridge, under 1 hour from London, close to S.E. Railway station, 1 mile from Brighton line).—A compact BIJOU RESIDENTIAL ESTATE for SALE, of about 24 acres, with excellent Residence; grounds and a small well-timbered park in 3 enclosures; stabling for 4, coach-house, small farmery, and 2 cottages; picturesque matured grounds and garden, superb views; bounded on 3 sides by important roads.—Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,588)

12 MILES FROM LONDON (in a pretty district, less than 2 miles from an important main line station, with frequent trains to the City).—To be SOLD, a charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 3¼ acres, with attractive RESIDENCE (as above), containing: good entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, one large enough for billiard room, and bathroom; stabling for 4, and outbuildings; Company's water; shady garden, with tennis lawn, orchard, and productive kitchen garden, with glasshouses; golf links near. Price, £2,500.—Apply Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,823)

ON THE RIVER DART.—To be LET, Furnished, at a moderate rent, either for the Autumn or Winter months, or by the year, a well-furnished country MANSION, standing high in charming grounds, with carriage drive approach: 15 bed and dressing rooms, suite of large and handsome reception rooms, organ hall; stabling for 6 horses; beautifully laid-out grounds, lawns, shrubberies, Italian garden, kitchen garden, etc. Use of boats and boathouse. 2 miles from station, 8 miles from Torquay.—Inspected by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,742)

4 PER CENT. INVESTMENT (nearly) to be secured by the purchase of a valuable FREEHOLD ESTATE of about 400 acres, situate in the West of England, well suited and now occupied for the purpose of stock breeding. The property includes a fine old Manor House (with ample accommodation for a good-sized family), together with extensive and superior buildings. Good and varied shooting is afforded by the estate. The property is let on Lease at a rent which yields approximately 4 per cent. on the price asked. No outgoings.—WALTON AND LEE. 10, Mount Street, W. (17,404)

SURREY (in a very lovely and favourite district near East Grinstead). — A charming little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY to be SOLD. The Residence (see view above), standing in remarkably pretty grounds, gardens, orchards, etc., is approached by a carriage drive, with lodge at entrance; contains: 2 halls, 3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms (one suited as billiard room), bathroom, and good domestic offices; stabling for 6, coach-houses, man's rooms, etc. Low price to ensure early sale.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,832)

IN THE CENTRE OF THE QUORN HUNT.

9 MILES FROM LEICESTER, 6 miles from Melton Mowbray, and close to Brooksby station on the Midland line between Peterborough and Syston

ANNOUNCEMENT of SALE of the very valuable Freehold Residential and Manorial Property, known as "BROOKSBY HALL," and comprising an area of upwards of 838 acres. It includes the historical mansion house, delightfully seated in extensive and well-arranged pleasure grounds, surrounded by a grandly-timbered park, and containing 5 spacious reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, and most commodious offices; stabling for 17 horses, small home farmstead with bailiff's house, and all the appurtenances of a first-class county seat. The agricultural portion of the estate comprises some of the best and most productive land in the Midlands, and is divided into 4 first-class farms, and numerous accommodation holdings. The advowson and next perpetual right of presentation to the Rectory of St. Michaels, Brooksby, is included in the sale.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE will offer the above for SALE by Auction at the "BELL HOTEL," Leicester, on Saturday, October 15th, 1904, at 2 o'clock precisely, first as a whole, and if not so sold then in 7 lots (unless an acceptable offer be made meanwhile privately).—Particulars of A. W. VAISEY, Esq., Solicitor, Tring, and Devereux Chambers, Temple, London, W.C.; Messrs. BROWN and FOULKES, Land Agents, Tring; or of the AUCTIONEERS, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

WILTS (in a beautiful district, about 8 miles from Bath, close to station, church, shops, etc.).—An unusually charming Freehold PROPERTY to be SOLD or LET, Furnished, from end of September, for the Winter or longer. The picturesque partly creeper and rose-covered Bijou Residence (as above) contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices; first-class stabling for 4, 2 cottages, delightful old grounds, productive garden, glasshouses, paddock; in all nearly 4½ acres. Hunting and boating close by.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (16,288)

BRENTWOOD and CHELMSFORD (between), near a station 45 minutes from the City.—£1,450 will purchase a very desirable HOUSE, standing high, with pretty views, and containing: 4 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), drawing and dining rooms, study and offices; capital garden of about ½ an acre, tastefully laid out, lawns, etc.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,781)

DORCHESTER.—To be SOLD, price £3,000, a Gentleman's RESIDENCE, within a mile of the town and station, occupying high situation, south aspect, good views, carriage drive approach; 7 bed and dressing rooms, large bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, usual offices. Lawns, shrubbery, productive kitchen garden, glasshouses; gas and water laid on; excellent residential and hunting district.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,773)

£1,600 for a charming old-fashioned, medium-sized COUNTRY HOUSE, 4 miles from Cambridge, ½ mile from a station; pretty grounds, with fine old trees, lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, and small paddock; 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), lounge hall, and offices; stabling for 2 horses; greenhouse and outbuildings; gravel soil.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,782)

MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL AND CHESTER (1 hour by rail from).—For SALE, a choice RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, of about 20 acres, with excellent modern stabling, and a gentleman's RESIDENCE of moderate size, commanding extensive views of a picturesque district; lodge entrance. Good hunting. Price, £8,000.—Apply Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,235)

TO YACHTSMAN.—Magnificently situated on the Hamble, near Southampton, private anchorage for 200-ton yacht. Picturesque RESIDENCE for SALE; perfect order; 14 bed, 2 bathrooms, large reception; unusually well-wooded grounds, lawns, glasshouses, meadows, cottages, private boathouse, stabling, etc.— Recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,316)

£10,000 WILL PURCHASE a very choice RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY situate in a very pretty district in Herts, and close to a station ½ hour from London by fast trains. It extends to about 12 acres of finely-timbered pleasure grounds, gardens, and grass lands, and includes a superior Residence standing high, with fine views, and approached by two long drives with entrance lodges. It contains: a fine suite of reception rooms, billiard room, 17 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent complete offices. Splendid stabling, men's rooms, and 2 cottages. Shooting and golfing in the immediate neighbourhood.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,576)

OXSHOTT and COBHAM (surrounded by Fairmile Common and Claremont Woods; one of the choicest situations within three-quarters of an hour of town).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, charming RESIDENCE, in absolutely secluded and delightfully-timbered grounds of 3 acres; 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, and lounge hall; stabling, entrance lodge; modern drainage, water laid on, gravel soil; a mile from station.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,584)

DOVER AND DEAL (between).—Price £2,500 for a charming old-fashioned Bijou HOUSE, with unusually attractive grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and stabling for 2 horses; 5 minutes' walk from station; 10 minutes by rail of Dover. Or would be LET Unfurnished. Rent, £120. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,690)

IN THE COTTESMORE COUNTRY, near OAKHAM.—To be LET, for the hunting season, rent 200 guineas, or for less period, an attractive Modern HOUSE, containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and offices; stabling for 6 horses, and grooms' rooms; extra stabling could be had; garden; modern drainage and excellent water supply; gas laid on; magnificently situated for hunting with 4 packs.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,775)

NORTH TYNE NORTHUMBERLAND. To LET, Furnished, HOUSE, pleasantly situated, 10 minutes from station, containing: 5 bedrooms, dining, and drawing rooms, bathroom (hot and cold water), stable (2 stalls), coach-house, and large garden. Pony and trap if required. Within reach of two packs of hounds. To a careful and suitable tenant for 6 months at a nominal rent.—Apply, Box "A. R.," Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

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Telephone: 3645 GERRARD. } IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON"

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WOODLANDS HOUSE FROM THE LAWN

A VALUABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY ON THE SURREY HILLS

Three miles from Sunningdale and Bagshot Stations, close to Sunningdale Golf Links, comprising a delightful old-fashioned Country Seat, in a magnificently-timbered Park, with Stabling, Farmery, Gardens, Lake, Farms, Woods, Lodges, and Cottages,

WOODLANDS HOUSE, FRONT ENTRANCE

To be SOLD in Lots, as follows:

1. The Mansion, Park, etc., about 82 acres.
2. Woodlands Farm, with Buildings and 20 acres.
3. About 3 acres of Grass Land.
4. Enclosure of Arable Land, about 3 acres.
5. Chobham Meadow, 4¾ acres.
6. Manor Farm, Buildings and 62 acres.
7. 17½ acres of good Meadow Land.
8. About 2½ acres of Woodland.
9. 14 acres, with long building frontages.
10. An excellent Meadow of 1¼ acres.
11. A Meadow of 2½ acres.
12. About 2 acres of Accommodation Land.
13. About 2 acres of Ditto
14. 10½ acres valuable Building Land.
15. Cottage, with 3 acres, at Updown Hill.
16. "Heath Park Estate." 87 acres of valuable Building Land, with long frontages and Lodge entrance.
17. 10 acres of Pinewood, on Chertsey Road.

VIEW OF THE PARK

CHANCELLOR & SONS

Will sell the above Valuable Estate by Auction, at THE MART, TOKENHOUSE YARD, E.C.

On TUESDAY, 18th OCTOBER, 1904,

At TWO o'clock p.m. (Unless previously disposed of).

Particulars, with Plan, Views, and Conditions of Sale, of the respective

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JOHN CHRISTIE, Esq., 53, Coleman Street, E.C.
Messrs. KNAPP-FISHER and SONS, 27, Buckingham Gate, S.W.
Messrs. POWELL and ROGERS, 7, Essex Street, Strand, W.C., and 24, Hill Street, Richmond.

Auctioneers:

CHANCELLOR and SONS, F.S.I.,
Ascot Station, Berks,
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1, King Street, Richmond, Surrey
(Adjoining Railway Stations, Richmond), and
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Gentleman's Residence, Stabling, and 6 acres.

HEXTABLE (Kent), 1½ miles from Swanley Junction Station, reaching the City in 35 minutes.—A finely-appointed Freehold Residence, known as "THE DATCHA," HEXTABLE, in 3 acres of lovely gardens and lawns, and containing: 11 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, fitted bathroom, 4 excellent reception rooms, conservatory, and complete domestic offices, useful range of glass, picturesque stabling for 4 horses, and coachman's quarters; gas and water from mains; high situation; the whole in most perfect order and condition; paddock of 3 acres adjoining can also be purchased.

The picturesque Freehold Residence, known as "THE ROWANS," HEXTABLE, containing: 6 bedrooms, fitted bathroom, 3 good reception rooms, capital offices, and well-planted garden, with tennis lawn, etc., in all about 1 acre.

Also the similarly built long Leasehold Residence known as "ELLESMERE," HEXTABLE, having similar accommodation, but with garden and lawn of about ¾ acre. Held on Lease, of which nearly 80 years are unexpired, at a ground rent of £16 16s. per annum. Possession of both residences on completion.

Also TWO ENCLOSURES OF VALUABLE FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND, fully ripe for building, having long frontages to three roads, and comprising in all ABOUT TWELVE ACRES, which will be offered first as a whole, and, if not sold, then in plots. Gas and water from Company's mains. High situation.

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Also the very compact double-fronted Freehold Residence, "WEST BANK," HEXTABLE, a mile from the station, and containing: 4 bedrooms, fitted bath, 3 reception rooms, usual offices, boot and bicycle houses, poultry run, and productive garden, about ½ acre, well planted with young fruit trees. Gas and water laid on. Possession on completion.

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Also the capital long Leasehold Red Brick and Tiled Residence, known as "NORTH BANK," HEXTABLE, standing high in about 1 acre of garden, and containing: 5 good bedrooms, fitted bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and convenient offices. Now let to an excellent tenant, at £50 per annum, but possession can be arranged. Gas and water laid on.

Solicitors: Messrs. Prall, Son and Prall, Rochester.

MESSRS. F. D. IBBETT AND CO.,
IN CONJUNCTION WITH
MR. W. G. BURGESS AND MESSRS.
FRANKLIN HOMAN,

WILL SELL the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Friday, October 7 (unless previously sold by Private Treaty).

Sale particulars of Messrs. FRANKLIN HOMAN (Ltd.), 178, Eastgate, Rochester; of W. G. BURGESS, Station Road, Swanley Junction; and of the AUCTIONEERS, Station Approach, Sevenoaks.

NEAR HENLEY.

£3,000. **OXFORDSHIRE HILLS.**—In a high, healthy, and picturesque country, a capital RESIDENCE, with 7 acres of beautiful grounds. The latter are a unique feature of the property, with delightful woodland walks, heather land, plantation gardens, etc. Contains: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and good offices; stabling and outbuildings.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

£3,400 for exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE in a bracing position on the Surrey Hills, and with particularly well-timbered grounds of 5 acres; 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and capital offices; stabling and outbuildings; water and gas laid on.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED TO RENT OR PURCHASE a Country RESIDENCE, answering the following requirements: 250 to 300 feet above sea level. Dry soil, not clay. Open situation and good views. Within 2 or 3 miles of station and good shops, Southern or Western Counties preferred, and within 80 to 100 miles of London. Accommodation: good reception and billiard rooms, 6 or 7 best bedrooms, excluding servants' rooms. Stabling and cottage. At least 5 to 10 acres of land with matured grounds. Rent, £300 per annum, or price about £7,000, if under 10 acres.—Address W. A., 17, King Street, St. James's, S.W.

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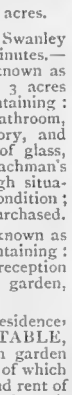

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THREE WEEKS on the Model Poultry Farm, Coaley, Gloucestershire, ten guineas, inclusive. Catalogue.

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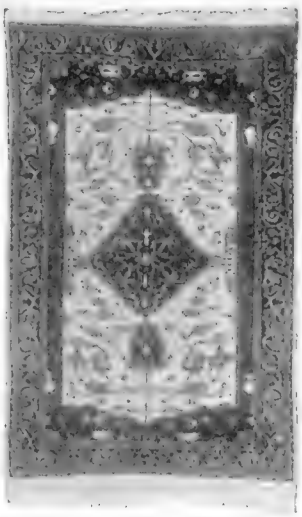

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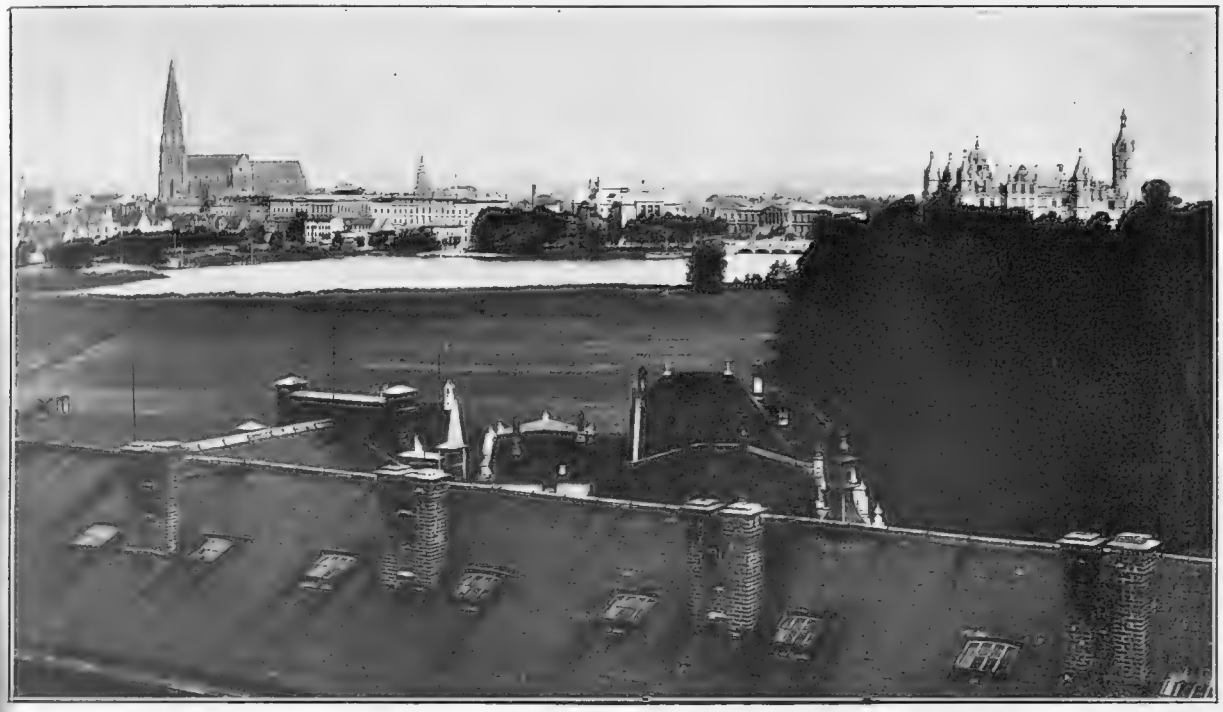


The birthplace of Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the fiancée of the German Crown Prince

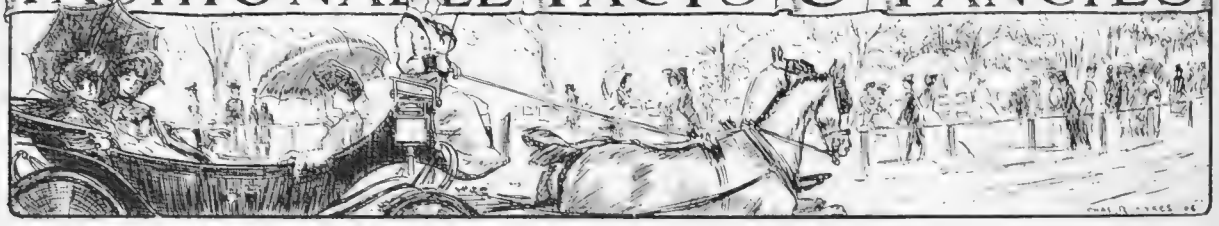
The town of Schwerin, which is the capital of the Duchy of Mecklenburg, lies on the lake of the same name, which is fourteen miles in length and three broad. The Crown Prince's *fiancée* was born in the castle seen on the right of our illustration

Photo by *Russell*

"The Discovery" in Portsmouth Harbour

Portsmouth, which has so often figured in naval history, was the first to give a welcome home to Captain Scott and the members of "the best conducted and the most successful expedition that has ever entered the Polar regions, Arctic or Antarctic." "The Discovery" is now lying in the Thames off Gravesend

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES



By Mrs. JACK MAY

The irony of things is complete. No one has any money, and clothes are more exasperatingly lovely and alluring than ever. Ambrosine, however, has a code of justification all her own, and I may observe it is a code most useful, since it invariably obtains for her the desires of lhe immediate moment. She argues that, having no money to save, the exercise of economy is absurd, and altogether out of ruling, since there is nothing to economise with. Her logic is irrefutable, and, best of all, she fervently believes in it herself, which is infinitely superior to caring whether anyone else does or no. Such a conscience is delightfully easy to live with, and one ceases to worry over silly things like *morale*, and subsides comfortably into unmitigated extravagance.

Nevertheless, the deeper we dive into the doings of *la mode* this autumn, the more we find to be said in favour of adaptation. Scarcely a vogue but lends itself to deft manœuvrings of fabrics, and very especially is this the case with sleeves.

A Louis Seize Evening Frock, fashioned in "petal de rose" taffeta
The under-dress and sleeves of this charming confection are of filmy ring-spotted net and Brussels *appliqué* lace

The "Manche" of the Moment

Though this, of a truth, can scarcely be attacked in the singular; before the bewilderment of intricate choice, we are already standing aghast, and "Oh, dear! what will be the end of it?" What fate has the whirligig of time still in store for us? So quick and incessant are the changes that come about, we scarce dare predict even what to-morrow will bring; each hour seems to create its own demand. However, the law stands supreme, that all the fulness shall be pushed up above the elbow, after which reigns closeness, and certain semblance of symmetry, but simplicity never.

We were much struck by, and granted instant approval to, a *chic* little bolero of black Persian lamb, that boasted the oddest sleeves, cut in wit h the body part, and so rather disposed to truss the arms close to the figure, but which concluded with the *imprévu* note of a close cuff, formed of alternate quillings of black and white Valenciennes lace.

Anything richer, rarer, or more wholly desirable than the embroideries introduced on fur coats, we have never seen. These decorative touches seem to be the whole gist of the peltry matter. And they are

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This is by no means all the Metrostyle Pianola achieves, its possibilities in the direction of independent expression control are unlimited, but the very fact that you can have Paderewski, or Greig, or Chaminade recitals in your own home is of itself adequate reason for the investigation of the Metrostyle Pianola.

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veritably touches, merely a small turn-over collar, perhaps, of heavily embroidered cloth of gold, or narrow front folds of Japanese embroideries in shades of blue outlined with gold. Lines of a rather coarse lace worked over with silk in faint colourings, and daintily picked out with chiffon roses, adorned a most original evening wrap of squirrel back, arranged with great *bouffant* sleeves, and a *doublure* of pale blue satin. And this confection, as such things go, was of moderate price, and contains an illuminative hint, that those who are perchance possessed of some spare skins after this *genre* may find it advisable to consider.

And while we are in the way of fur, there is a sealskin *coatee* illustrated here, that you may like to hear finds a sympathetic alliance in revers, collar, and belt of white kid, the revers held back by oxidised silver buttons, picked out with strass. The hat, small and of boat-shape tendencies, is of white Zibiline, the crown draped with a bronze green *miroir* velvet, and plumed at the left side with bronze feathers shading to yellow at the tips.

A Chic Sealskin Coatee

The revers, collar, and belt are of white kid, the revers held back by oxidised silver buttons, picked out with strass

Old-World Evening Frocks

Out with your brocades, dear ladies! those of you who are sufficiently fortunate enough to possess them, for a smart era is again at hand for these rich fabrics, and if, perchance, they are a little time-stained, all the better. Indeed! an effort is being made to effect the slightly faded appearance of the rare old pieces. We viewed one gown that was a perfectly indescribable blend of dull pinks, greens, and blues, on a deep ivory ground. The skirt was arranged, as are so many this season, in large flat pleats at the waist, and opened in front—another ubiquitous fancy—over an embroidered gold net petticoat, the pointed corsage defining the figure closely with draped folds of the brocade, and opening upon a stomacher of the embroidered gold net, that eventually resolved into a flat tucker or under-bodice, a droop of soft lace just veiling the top of the arm.

Then quaint brocade skirts and plain mousseline taffeta Louis bodices, the fulness caught up into lines of close quillings to give length to the figure, are assured of finding the readiest favour, more particularly, perhaps, those only slightly *décolleté*, filled in with a folded kerchief of soft muslin.

We are giving, by-the-way, a picture evening frock, that is quite Louis Seize in feeling, fashioned in *petal de rose* taffeta with under-dress and sleeves of filmy ring-spotted net and Brussels *appliqué* lace, and we shall have considerably more to relate concerning this matter of attire generally after a further investigation.

Storage Up to Date

And now to run off again to the strictly utilitarian. With Michaelmas looming large in the near future, I feel there is no moment for delay, in passing on a recent experience we have gained, regarding the methods of storage pursued by Messrs. Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road. They have verily brought this rapidly-growing department up to such a pitch of perfection that it is impossible to see where improvement could be made.

No single detail has escaped the lynx eye of the ruler there. Pianos, for example, are especially and individually cared for, in properly-heated spaces, to which access can be had at any moment. Carpets, again, being the first household item to attack when a house is entered, are similarly treated, and stowed away apart from all the actual furniture effects, the owner of each consignment possessing a separate and allotted space. And for their own satisfaction, Messrs. Shoolbred make regular and periodical inspection of these, to see that the precautions they take against moth are completely effectual.

Then a quite wonderful system obtains in the case of the storage of the furniture itself, the warehouses being so contrived, that, according to requirement, separate spaces again can be partitioned off, and the frontage closed by means of removable canvas screens. Round the four sides of this immense mountain of stuff, which reaches from floor to ceiling, a passage runs, while the whole is lighted throughout with wire-covered electric light.

The lifts also are electric, and throughout there are no possible excuses for the presence of a match. To obviate the possibility of a smouldering tobacco pipe finding its way on to the premises, the firm provide lockers in the yard, in which the men have orders to leave their coats, failing which they are subject to a penalty. In fact, every reasonable and possible precaution is taken against fire, while each warehouse—and there are two, both within easy reach of the mother house—boasts a large fireproof and burglar-proof strong room, the keys to which never pass out of responsible hands.

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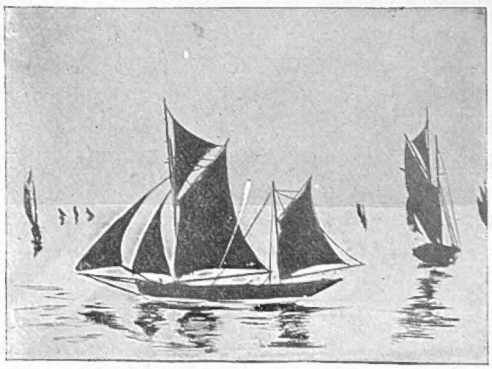

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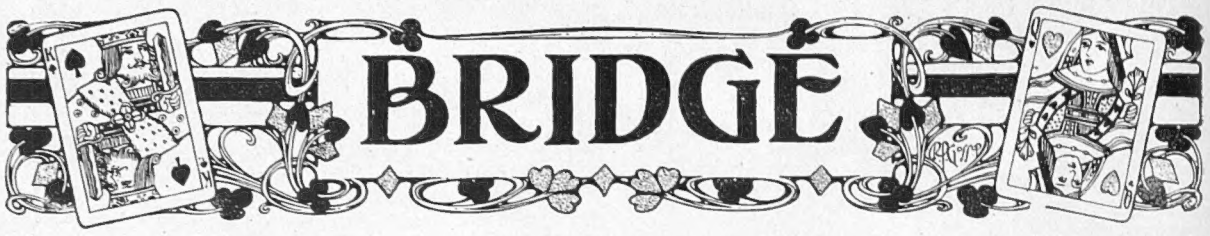

Table of First and Second Leads

UNDER A TRUMP DECLARATION

A	K	Q	J	10
A	K	Q	J	3
A	K	Q	3	2
A	K	10	3	2
A	K	4	3	2
A	Q	J	10	3
A	Q	J	10	
A	Q	J	3	2
A	Q	10	3	2
A	Q	4	3	2
A	J	10	3	2
A	J	4	3	2
A	10	4	3	2
A	9	4	3	2
K	Q	J	10	
K	Q	J	3	
K	Q	3	2	
Q	J	10	9	
Q	J	10	3	
Q	J	9	3	2

NOTES.—When you lead the A and follow with the Q, you show your partner that you hold four in the suit.

When you lead A and follow with J or 10, you show your partner that you hold five in the suit.

The code of first leads, published in THE BYSTANDER of April 20, seems to have been found very useful by my readers, so I give above a table showing the second leads also. The best way of learning them is to cut the table out, paste it on a piece of cardboard, and nail it up in whatever room, excluding always drawing rooms, in which you are most likely to get spare or idle moments. The card underlined once is the card you lead first in the suit; the card underlined twice is the card you lead second.

THE BATH COUP.

When you hold K, Q, 3, 2, and lead the king and it wins, the following lead is the 2, on the assumption that your partner holds the ace. But it is, on the whole, better to leave that suit alone, and open another, in case your opponent is trying the Bath Coup. That is, he holds the ace, knave, lets your king win, wins the second round with the knave, and still holds the command of your suit with the ace. If your partner does hold the ace, he leads it out to clear your suit; if he does not, he leads a little one through your opponent's ace, knave, forces him to put his ace on, and leaves your queen good, and in command of the suit.

THE REVOKE PENALTY

It always seems to me that the penalty for a revoke under the American rules of Bridge is sounder than the penalty under the English rules. Under the American code the rule is:

Three tricks taken from the revoking player and added to the adversaries shall be the penalty for a revoke.

Under the English code the rule is:

THE PENALTY FOR A REVOKE—

I. Is at the option of the adversaries, who, at the end of the hand, may, after consultation, either take three tricks from the revoking player and add them to their own score, or deduct the value of three tricks from his score, or add the value of three tricks to their own score.

That is to say, if the revoking player has made the Grand Slam in no-trumps, his adversaries may allow him to score 28 and add 36 and game to their own score, which equals nine tricks, though they may not have won a single trick, and may not have been able to win a single trick, even if he had not revoked.

Furthermore, under the American rules you cannot score by the penalty for a revoke more than the maximum number of tricks obtainable in any one hand.

The English rules would be very much improved if, in this matter, they were brought into accord with the American.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

An Interesting Memoir

Mr. G. W. E. Russell has written an introduction to a memoir of Bryan King, whose name was known to everybody in 1859 and 1860 in connection with the dis raceful riots which took place in the Church of St. George's in the East, of which he was then rector. To the present generation, however, both the name and the circumstance are probably unknown, and it should interest many to know how practices which are now almost universally accepted by the Church of England were at that time bitterly opposed by the authorities in both Church and State. Although the ritual adopted by the Rev. Bryan King was the ostensible cause of the riots, the worst offenders were the young roughs who helped to instigate the riots for the sake of plunder. The disturbances reached a pitch at the beginning of 1860, which the *Times* of that date rightly described as "devilish," the police having to be called in to expel the rioters, who, not content with stamping, shouting comic songs, and substituting indecent responses during the service, rushed at the altar as soon as the clergy had withdrawn, and attempted to wreck a large cross, as well as a beautiful chandelier suspended over the apse. The full story of the riots, which only ceased when Mr. Bryan King left the parish in the summer of 1860, is told in the forthcoming memoir, the author of which is Mr. W. Crouch. Messrs. Methuen are the publishers.

Life Guards at Earl's Court

Fresh from the Bradford Exhibition the Band of the 2nd Life Guards now replace the Grenadier Guards at the Italian Exhibition, Earl's Court, with much success. Under the conductorship of Mr. Charles Hall, this band has just completed a four months' provincial tour, their closing concert at Bradford being attended by 40,000 people. The band is particularly strong in capable soloists of the cornet, piccolo, and oboe, and these performers share several solos in each day's programme. The conductor, Mr. Hall, was born in Bermuda, and, though he is only forty-six, has served thirty-two years in the Army, thus following in the footsteps of both his father and grandfather. He was in the 12th Lancers in India, when he became bandmaster of the Royal Dragoons, to be later appointed to his present position.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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